

# LITERARY RETROSPECT

TO

# THE ACADEMY

CONSISTING OF

## NOTABLE ARTICLES, REVIEWS, Etc.,

WHICH HAVE APPEARED FROM TIME TO TIME IN "THE ACADEMY" AND "LITERATURE" SINCE THEIR INCEPTION.

### The Paradox of Literature

By ARTHUR MACHEN.

(LITERATURE, AUG. 27, 1898.)

IT seems sad, but I fear there can be no doubt but that Carlyle, whom our fathers regarded as an inspired seer, was, if a prophet, then a prophet of Baal. For many years we have been waiting for that once tremendous reputation to recover the ground it had lost, to emerge, shining again, from the dark cloud of all those squalid, unnecessary revelations, from the effects of a biography written by a friend of "ter-ewth." One thought that those histories of indigestion, heavy bread, and cross Mrs. Carlyle would fade away like the nightmares they were, and that the great figure of the 'fifties would enter finally on the literary life that is perdurable and immortal. But, alas! people have not only forgotten how Carlyle was dyspeptic and how his wife showed temper; they have forgotten all else as well, so that of the primeval seer nothing remains except perhaps a dark and threatening shadow—a fetish to which men no longer give sacrifice. It is sad, and yet no lover of literature can say that the fate is wholly undeserved. The man who said that Keats possessed nothing but a "maudlin, weak-eyed sensibility," the critic who admired the whisky-and-sentiment vein of Burns, who went through the *Waverley Novels* and found all (nearly) barren, because there was nothing "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification," is surely condemned out of his own mouth. But Carlyle was not content with these minor aberrations; he enunciated the major heresy that genius consists of an infinite capacity for taking pains—perhaps one of the untruest things that have ever been said.

For this, it seems to me, is the paradox of literature—of all art, it may be said, but of literature in a more singular degree—that neither genius nor the result of genius has any relation to effort, to the process of taking pains. Some months ago I endeavoured to show in these pages that the finest charms of the finest books were unconsciously created, and from the theorem thus stated one may deduce the corollary—that conscious effort, taking pains, in fact, never results in the finest work. I am using the superlative deliberately, not for merely

rhetorical purposes. "Marius the Epicurean," "The New Arabian Nights," most of Stevenson's books, indeed, may fairly be classed under the heading of fine literature; but one is confident that neither Pater nor Stevenson will ever be accounted by competent critics as makers of the finest literature. Both these men may stand as examples of the summit to which conscious purpose and effort in literature may attain; their achievement is high and fine, but not of the highest nor the finest. We have heard of Pater's long-enduring patient labours, of the fevers and the chills which he suffered in the writing of his masterpiece, of the elaborate system of notes and memoranda, of the manuscript copied and recopied, interlined and altered year after year. Stevenson told us frankly how from his youth upward he toiled in his vocation; how he sought by all means to learn to write, setting himself in the class of the masters. And yet, with all this infinite taking pains, neither the one nor the other accomplished anything beyond the second-rate. We know how a certain player, with a smattering of general information and more general literature, took the old creaking dramas, the chronicles, and the story-books in hand, and hacked and slashed and scribbled away for a livelihood, relishing the work heartily, no doubt, but wholly unaware of the dignity of his task. But Shakespeare's taskwork turned out to be the finest literature in the world. Sir Walter Scott, again, wrote his romances partly, it would seem, for the fun of it, partly that he might build a dubious Gothic palace and buy moors and woods. He wrote faster, and still faster, and the less the pains the better the result. The "bow-wow style" was his phrase for his work, which will live while any romance is left in the world. Then there was an Anabaptist tinker—a fanatical, illiterate, and probably most unpleasant person—who tried to write a tract, and succeeding in inventing one of the best *picaros* in literature. It is said that Defoe had the infinitely tedious design of making an allegory about somebody's state of mind—I forget whether it was Defoe himself or a friend of his, who refused to speak to his family for twenty-eight years—but the symbol of "Robinson Crusoe" has happily entirely overshadowed the thing signified.

This, then, is the paradox of literature, that its highest

rewards are not bestowed on earnest effort and patient endeavour, but on the elect alone, on those who have "taken the trouble" to be born geniuses. In letters patience and perseverance count, it seems, either for nothing or for very little, or, strangely enough, guide the writer by paths which he had never dreamed of, which he may probably have abhorred, to a goal entirely beyond his conception or desire. Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a rare *picaro*, as I have said, but how shocked Anabaptist Bunyan would have been if he could have understood the manner of his success. And the principle, which undoubtedly applies to the highest achievements, is not without its application in the lower walks, in the region of the literature of endeavour and studied calculation. For it seems to me that one of the greatest mistakes that a writer can commit is to "read up" a subject with a view to writing about it, to "cram" history for the especial purpose of writing an historical novel, to deliberately make a journey in pursuit of "local colour." This is a dreadful method of writing dull books, the infallible mark which points out the hopeless author. They tell us of persons who spend a fortnight at Paris, and at the end of their visit understand the whole life and humour of the Quartier Latin, and by their works we know them! Burne-Jones, we have heard, drew the inspiration of his pictures from half-forgotten poems, and so must the material of imaginative literature be unconsciously gathered, given to forgetfulness, it may be, for many years, and at last drawn out into the light, having lost and gained somewhat in the darkness. Many of our modern writers, those chiefly of the advertising kind, whom frequent paragraphs proclaim as "studying the cuneiform with a view to writing a romance of early Assyria" or "spending the winter in Barataria in order to investigate the reign of Sancho Panza in the state papers of the period with a view, etc., etc.," are like vintners who bring us their crude new wine, rough from the vat; it is but rarely that we taste the authentic juice, refined and purged by a long sojourn in forgotten darkness.

There can be no question as to the truth of all this; the propositions that the highest art is unconscious, that taking pains does not make for supreme excellence, that even the materials for imagination to work on should be gathered unawares, sublimely secretly, as it were, from the gross substance of life and the world—these are axioms that may be proved by the plainest and most illustrious examples. But the "reason why" might present more difficulty to the inquirer, who acknowledging the fact might very conceivably be puzzled as to the cause. To me it seems that these "irrational" phenomena are to be explained by the very nature and origin of literature, which, in common with all the arts, is so profoundly irrational. Of course, "science," with calm and dignified ineptitude, has "explained" the origin of literature as of everything else; men, it informs us, were tired after their day's work, and felt the need of play; and "plays" were accordingly invented. The explanation is "scientific" certainly, but on the principle of *entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*, it

seems a pity that our old friends the early dream and the indefatigable ancestral ghost were not made to account for art as for religion. The truth of the matter is, of course, far otherwise, and though we shall probably never clearly understand the origin of literature, it seems evident that it with all the arts arose from that primordial and universal sense of mystery, from the original ecstasy which separates the man from the brute. Mysterious in its origin it has remained a mystery all through the ages; we can only admire and adore its beauty, and wonder at its work, forced to believe in a miracle which we cannot understand, for which that all-pervading, all-pretending science can furnish no formula. Literature is the key to life, the reflection in a shining and glorious mirror of our imperfect and cloudy actions. And if Carlyle is fast gliding down into the vale of the forgotten it is because, with all his wisdom, he did not perceive the essential things of life, and he was ignorant of life because he was ignorant of literature. Literature is, indeed, a paradox, but it is a paradox that must be most steadfastly believed.

### Walter Savage Landor

By E. D. MORSHEAD.

(September 3, 1881.)

**N**ONE of Mr. Morley's excellent series of "English Men of Letters" has greater claim to be considered indispensable than this volume. It is, perhaps, not above several others in literary merit, though assuredly it is not far below any. But it is, in a special sense, *called for*. Landor, as Prof. Colvin says with truth and force, "has, of all celebrated authors, hitherto been one of the least popular." Those to whom it has not been given to wade through Mr. Forster's cumbrous work possess, for the most part, little idea of Landor except as a man of obscure learning, who wrote "Imaginary Conversations," quarrelled with his wife, wrote Ithyphallics which even Byron found too strong, and closed a long career by practical exile on account of a disreputable libel case at Bath. Recently, no doubt, the homage paid to Landor by Mr. Swinburne and other writers has revived a sense of curiosity as to its object. But even now Prof. Colvin has to allow that "true Landorians may be counted on the fingers," and to define how much has to be done "to extend to wider circles the knowledge of so illustrious a master."

It is this that makes Prof. Colvin's work so well-timed. In little over 200 pages he has told the story of a life which reached its eighty-ninth year, and a literary career which may be regarded as about the longest on record. Landor's first work was published in 1795, his last in 1863; he "was twenty-five when Cowper died, and . . . he survived to receive the homage of Mr. Swinburne." Nor was this patriarchal life quiet and uneventful. He fought as a volunteer in Spain in 1808; he was in the heart of France during "the Hundred Days"; he claimed to have seen

Napoleon during his final flight from Paris to the West coast after Waterloo. He had relations, either of friendship or enmity, with almost all the great writers of his time. He had sat at the feet of that curious Gamaliel, Dr. Parr; he lived out his last years under the fostering care, if not in the actual presence, of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Of all their claims, many as they are, to the gratitude and admiration of posterity, none is more memorable than their kindly and watchful care for the old dying lion, of whom it may be said, with bitterly literal truth, that, in his eighty-fifth year, he came unto his own and his own received him not. Such a career Prof. Colvin has endeavoured to narrate within the limits indicated above—limits which have also to include a critical estimate of Landor's multifarious writings and obscure "bibliography."

It may be that the interest of the task, and a sense of its extreme difficulty, predispose to a favourable estimate; but the impression left upon the present writer's mind by Prof. Colvin's book is almost completely pleasurable. He uses throughout the language of discriminating praise. Of the permanent worth of Landor's works he entertains no doubt; yet he is not blind to the causes of their comparative unpopularity, any more than he is to the fatal flaws of character (or rather of temper—for of vices Landor seems to have had none) which make the biographical part of the book such melancholy reading. "He had a genius," says Prof. Colvin, with great felicity, "for the injudicious virtues, and those which recoil against their possessor." There is humour and sympathy, too, in the account of his Welsh troubles; it is hard not to smile at the man who avenged himself in Latin verses for the severity of a barrister's cross-examination. Quaintest and most laughable of all is the story illustrative of Landor's passionate dealings with his fellow-men, and his gentle sympathy with inanimate things. He is said to have thrown his cook out of the window into the garden, and a moment after to have looked out in agonised alarm, exclaiming, "Good God! I forgot the violets."

The whole history of his domestic life is full of sadness. Proud, hasty, irritable, yet full of generosity, courtesy, and affection, Landor was neither born to be alone nor incapable of yielding to judicious and loving guidance. *Dis aliter visum.* On all this part of his subject Prof. Colvin has dwelt briefly, tenderly, yet justly, "nothing extenuating, nor aught setting down in malice," to either party. In one thing, at least, Landor was happy beyond the common lot—in the devotion of his friends. From his lifelong friend Southey, who died murmuring, "Landor, ay, Landor," down to Mr. Browning and Mr. E. Twisleton, who comforted his forlorn old age, he seems never to have met a noble soul who did not love him and was not loved by him.

Speaking with deference, I should be inclined to say that, while full justice is done to Landor's critical power and the noble gravity and majesty of his prose style, something less than their full meed is given to his poetry and his humour. That the former is sometimes bald,

and the latter stiff, may be true. But I should be curious to know if the select band of "Landorians who may be counted on the fingers" agree with Prof. Colvin in his disparagement of "The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare." Lamb's estimate, that only Shakespeare himself and Landor could have written it, was very likely a genial exaggeration; but that it was uttered "with little meaning" seems improbable. The portrait of Shakespeare himself is no doubt slight, and not very effective, but the worthy Sir Thomas Lucy is beyond all praise. Nowhere outside Scott's best novels shall we find more admirable secondary characters than Sir Silas Gough, the rather carnal chaplain; Joseph Carnaby and Euseby Treen, the bumpkin informers against the youthful Willy; nowhere a more demure piece of audacity than Willy's reproduction of the university sermon. It seems as if the sketchiness of the most illustrious character in this dialogue had somewhat deterred Prof. Colvin from recognising the high merit of the others. Nor does he seem to dwell adequately on the admirable prose-poetry of such passages as the description of Acciaioli's retreat at Amalfi, and his death and funeral at the Certosa.

In dealing with a writer so little generally known as Landor, more extracts would have been gratefully welcomed; though no fault can be found with those actually selected. Few will read unmoved the exquisite analysis of the scene between Dante, Francesca, and Paolo—whom Prof. Colvin, for some reason, calls Piero. Nor, perhaps, will Mr. Freeman's most vigorous diatribe move any mind so strongly against the form of slaughter called sport as this touching extract:—

Let men do these things if they will. Perhaps there is no harm in it; perhaps it makes them no crueler than they would be otherwise. But it is hard to take away what we cannot give, and life is a pleasant thing—at least to birds. No doubt the young ones say tender things to one another, and even the old ones do not dream of death.

As a specimen of the best classical poetry, "The Death of Artemidora" is selected, and who could wish it away? Yet one would fain see "Iphigeneia," saddest and sweetest page of English poetry, or part of "Pan and Pitys," set by its side. And of Landor's epigrammatic power we have hardly anything given us except the severe, but rather ponderous, verses on Melville. Some readers of THE ACADEMY may, perhaps, not resent being reminded of another epigram in quite another tone. It is No. 69 in the "Miscellaneous Poems," and may be fairly conjectured to have been addressed to that Ianthe of whom Prof. Colvin says that hers was the strongest influence of any during Landor's long life:—

"Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak  
Four not exempt from pride some future day,  
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek  
Over my open volume, you will say  
'This man loved me'—then rise and trip away."

It is little less than a calamity that neither a careful anthology nor an easily accessible and portable edition of Landor's works is obtainable. There is no better corrective of the "snip-snap style" of Macaulay, nor of more tawdry or more fanciful modern literature, than Landor, one of the very few writers who can be grave without being dull, eloquent without being flashy, pathetic without being lachrymose, and poetical without being effusive.

## Morality in Book Collecting

By W. ROBERTS.

(LITERATURE, October 8, 1898.)

THE average bookseller will tell you that he has met with an honest book collector or two, but not many; whilst the collector is quite as likely to retort that the only upright bibliopoles of his acquaintance are those ignorant of their trade.

I do not say that morality is a positive hindrance in successful book collecting, but I fear that "trimming" is a quality much more likely to prove satisfactory. Here is an illustration: A few years ago a certain little booklet of Charles Dickens was considered to have survived in only three or four copies. It realised about £20 when it occurred in the sale room, and the whereabouts of all were known. An unrecorded example occurred in the catalogue of a second-hand bookseller at a very moderate price; it was purchased by a collector who had a copy already. The next catalogue included another copy, and the collector began to think. He bearded the bookseller in his den, and then discovered to his dismay that a whole batch of nearly fifty copies had been unearthed at an old warehouse of the printer and that they had been secured by the bookseller. Here was a dilemma. The collector asked himself: Shall I allow every one of my book-hunting rivals to possess a copy at a fifth of the price I originally paid, or shall I purchase the entire remainder? It is almost needless to say that he not only bought the whole, but that, with three or four exceptions, he consigned his purchase to the flames!

It may be urged that a book collector is not obliged to teach a bookseller his business, and certainly the knowledge of rare books is only acquired after long and often costly experience. A certain Holborn bookseller once gained some valuable information in a curious manner. In one of his catalogues he entered a quite unpretentious little booklet as follows, or to this effect:

Hornem (Horace), The Waltz, 5s.

When folding the catalogues for the post one afternoon, a customer happened to come in and take up one of the new lists; in going through he paused at the Hornem entry, and blandly asked to see the book; after a momentary glance he planked down the full catalogue price and carried it home. The catalogues for the London district reached their destinations by the last post the same evening, and, curiously enough, this

Hornem article attracted the attention of more than one bookman. As the bookseller lived off the premises, nothing could be done until the morrow. At six o'clock the next morning an enthusiast from the northern heights of London started for town in the full confidence of bringing home the rarity. He arrived at the bookshop at seven o'clock, and, consoling himself with a pipe, took his seat confidently on the doorstep. By eight o'clock two other bookmen had arrived. When the bookseller came to open his shop he was rather astounded at the eagerness of the small crowd. These worthy hunters all wanted the same book, which had, however, gone beyond recall, so to speak, several hours previously! I will not dwell on a description of what their feelings might have been, or what their language certainly was, when they discovered that the book was gone. The bookseller, however, learnt that the little quarto which he sold for 5s. was one of Byron's rarest pieces and worth quite £80.

The legal mind is curiously complex. A distinguished Q.C. had the good luck to purchase a bundle of pamphlets at Hodgson's in Chancery Lane for three shillings and sixpence against a whole room-full of booksellers. Now that little parcel included a first edition of Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard," worth perhaps £70 or £80. Ever since then the Q.C. has been more or less unhappy—find the rightful owner he cannot; pay the auctioneer commission on the higher amount he will not. To me this unrest is altogether inexplicable, and, to ease the Q.C.'s conscience, I suggested that he should hand the little rarity over to me. I could live quite comfortably with it; but this suggestion he firmly declines. This half-repentant sinner still goes on his way. I mention this little anecdote partly because it is the only recorded instance in which a book collector has half-repent a good bargain, and partly in the hope that so eminent a jurist will one day come to the conclusion that repentance is only good for the soul when it is full and unequivocal.

Book collectors are all pretty much of the same type. For many years Macaulay hunted high and low for a little volume which was known to contain information on a minor problem of historic interest. He had all but given up the quest as a very bad job, but one day he happened to mention the name of the book to a then well-known old bookseller who shook his head and said that he had never heard of the book, and, should it occur, the inquirer would certainly have to pay a stiff price. Now, outside this old man's shop there was a box of what may be described as "malcontents"—odd volumes and despised books generally, offered at a uniform price of about sixpence each. Macaulay turned over a few volumes, and, to his unspeakable joy, discovered the very book which he had so long sought in vain. He rescued it, and, after paying for it, allowed the old bibliopole to see it. What the vendor's thoughts were, there is, as the coroner's jury would say, "nothing to show." Neither is there anything to prove that Macaulay paid more than the stipulated price. Indeed, the art of book collecting may be said to resolve itself

into a matter of knowing what you want and buying it "on the nail" when the opportunity occurs. A book collector once saw on a miscellaneous stall in Leather Lane a volume of seventeenth-century plays priced at sixpence. Being uncertain in his dates, and not wishing to risk so large a sum on an uncertainty, he rushed off to the British Museum and discovered that the plays were of the right edition and very rare. Returning to purchase he discovered that in the short interval another man had come along and carried the volume off!

Whatever the morality of book collecting, he who undertakes it should remember the answer of an old bookseller to the man who had purchased his business as a going concern, and who complained, after he had been in it a few months, that the takings had greatly fallen off: "Sir, I sold you my business—not my brains."

### Marius the Epicurean

By J. M. GRAY.

(March 21, 1885.)

ONE is strongly reminded in this book of Mr. Pater's—the most important and sustained work that he has yet offered to the public—of an earlier fragment, of "The Child in the House," which he contributed some six years ago to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and which has not yet been republished. In "The Child in the House," in the young "Florian Deleal," we find the initial sketch—truly a "finished" one—for this portrait of "Marius the Epicurean." The sketch, as is the way with artists, is altered, expanded, traced in fuller detail in the picture; yet, substantially, the personality portrayed is the same, though changed in aspect, by this or that new disposition of light or shadow, by this or the other new environment of time and circumstance, which, in our "each and all" of things, modifies and alters the subject. Florian was an English child. The career of his soul was followed no further than the period of early youth. The things that moulded him were, of course, no formal philosophies—nothing in the remotest degree doctrinal—but only the unconsciously-received impressions of external things, impinging, moment by moment, upon his original and sensitive nature—these and the instructions of his elders, which also were received in a childlike and so unconscious way. The career of Marius, on the other hand, is detailed in fullest circumstance from childhood to death in early manhood, and the record deals not only with the influences received passively by the open mind of childhood, and their effects, but also with the conscious acceptance and consequent operation of various systems of belief—of one and the other accepted form of philosophy. . . .

With comparatively little action, with hardly any display of the more ordinary human emotions—with, for instance, scarcely a reference in it to sexual love—the book never fails of interest. It is attractive through the author's vivid sense of beauty, through his constant mode of throwing even the processes of thought into a concrete and pictured form. Its personalities seem not

quite the historical Stoic Aurelius, hardly the possibly historical Epicurean Marius: they are raised a little, refined on a little, set on a somewhat higher plane than that of mere actuality. They come to us with a certain sense of strangeness: homely touches, here or there, make us recognise their human nearness; yet their treatment is as far removed as it could well be from the crude realism that is so commonly substituted for delicate artistry, and the cry for which is one of the most unreasoning of the cants of our time.

The exposition of Epicureanism which these "sensations and ideas" of Marius present is more complete than any the author has hitherto given; fuller, also, of "gentleness and sweet reasonableness," more fairly perceptive of the difficulties and weaknesses of a philosophy which manifestly is a scheme of things that possesses the strongest personal attractions for the writer, and the most serious claims, in his view, to be considered as a guide towards a right practice of life. He admits that a career ordered with the aim of making each moment rich, many-coloured and full of exquisite experiences, is open to the constant dread, to the final certainty, that the last of all these moments may come, must come; and surely it can be no perfect philosophy which leaves its followers liable to be startled by each possible chance of every day, by every falling stone that grazes their heel, and which permits their whole life to be shadowed with the terror of its certain end. We have no due prominence given to the fact that this delicate Epicureanism is possible only to the few, and that even they at any moment may be prevented by disease or mischance from participation in it; nor does the author lay sufficient stress upon the dangers that beset such a life: the temptation to seclude one's self in some lovely "palace of art," regardless of surrounding misery—a danger from which Marius was saved mainly by the exceptionally sweet admixture in him of the original constituents of his nature. Again, the favourite doctrines of the book—that the means, not the end, is the main thing, that life should be a jealous calculation of loss and gain, so that each moment may yield its utmost, its most refined, product—do these not smite on the very face the highest life of man? Can all this preoccupation with self have any absorbing place in a right human life? Is it not in quite another fashion that the chosen spirits of the race have lived, with a fine unconsciousness which hungered and thirsted after righteousness itself, and not after any exquisite moments that righteousness might bring either now or in the future? And surely an absorption in some high and impersonal aim, the kindling of a man's whole soul and effort towards it, delivers him, as nothing else in the world can, from the fear of death, so that, as Lord Bacon says, when his end comes, he is like one smitten down "in hot blood," in the fervour of battle; he falls, yet feels no wound.

No, the Epicureanism which finds such calm and delicate exposition in the book can be no permanent dwelling-place of the human spirit. It may, indeed, afford a healthful corrective to many crude and unlovely tendencies of modern thought. In a mood of wise

eclecticism we may receive much from it, may linger for a while in its charmed and golden, though enervating air; but if we would preserve our spiritual health we must press onwards, and breathe the more bracing atmosphere of sterner upland places.

As we should expect from the philosophy of the book, which is so constantly occupied with the concrete, the visible, the tangible, its descriptions of men, of landscape, are especially varied and beautiful. For instance of this we may turn to the chapter which describes the feast given in honour of Apuleius: a very Tadema in its perfection of finish, in its legitimate and artist-like use of archaeological knowledge for the purposes of mere present beauty; a Tadema, too, in its delighted preoccupation with the lovely details of precious objects of still-life, with the "togas of altogether lost hue and texture," the "crystal cups darkened with old wine," and the "dusky fires of the rare twelve-petalled roses."

As an example of the pregnant brevity with which Mr. Pater can reproduce a landscape, we may take the following—a view from the house of Cecilia, the Christian widow of Rome:—

"The orchard or meadow through which their path lay, was already grey in the dewy twilight, though the western sky, in which the greater stars were visible, was still afloat with ruddy splendour, *seeming to repress by contrast the colouring of all earthly things, yet with the sense of a great richness lingering in their shadows.*"

And the landscape is always linked—as nature, to be intimate and touching, must ever be—with humanity. The passage continues:—

"Just then the voices of the singers, a 'voice of joy and health,' concentrated themselves, with a solemn antistrophic movement, into an evening, or 'candle' hymn—the *hymn of the kindling lamp*. It was like the evening itself, its hopes and fears, and the stars shining in the midst of it, made audible."

Before closing a word should be said as to the style of the book—a style of perfectly-finished beauty, full of an exquisite restraint, and, after all, only the fitting and adequate expression of the exactest thinking. The author's style is like that of his own Fronto, in whose lectures, he says, "subtle unexpected meanings were brought out by familiar words." It is so easy and apparently unlaboured in its flow that it seems like mere spontaneous talk—only become strangely select as though ordered by some happy chance with uncommon sweetness. The wise labour that has been spent upon the book has effaced all marks of labour; but, undoubtedly, each sentence has been often touched by the file which, to use an expression that the author is fond of repeating, adds more than value for each particle of gold which it removes. As we read the pages characterised by such unfailing fitness of phrase, finished from their first to their final line with a flawless perfection which one demands in the brief lyric of a master, but hardly looks for in a prose work of extended length, we find far more than the justification of the author's

long cessation from slighter literary efforts—a continued silence which has been felt, at least by some lovers of sweet and sifted English, as nothing less than a real personal loss.

## Two Sonnets after Bion

(March 28, 1885.)

### I.

IN dreams great Kupris to my side did bring  
The baby Love, who earthward bowed his head;  
Her fair hand held the boy; the while she said:  
"Dear shepherd, take and teach Love how to sing!"  
She spoke, then vanished. Each poor pastoral thing,  
Fond wretch, as though Love fain would learn, I  
taught;  
How Pan the pipe, the flute Athena brought,  
Hermes the harp, the lyre Apollo King.  
These lessons I taught well. No heed he paid,  
But sang me love-songs with his voice so fine,  
Teaching the passions both of gods and men,  
And all his mother's arts and deeds divine;  
Till I forgot what I taught Love, but made  
My own love-songs that Love taught me then.

### II.

Though Love be wild, deem not the Muses fear him!  
Nay, from their hearts they dote upon the boy,  
Following after his winged feet with joy!  
If one loves not, yet sings, they will not hear him,  
Nor teach him any songs, nor venture near him:  
But should a man, soul-tossed by love, employ  
His hours with singing, they're no longer coy;  
Nay, all the sisters run in haste to cheer him.  
Take me as witness to the truth thereof!  
Whene'er I sang of any other man,  
Or of some other mid the gods above,  
Stammered my tongue, I spake not as I can;  
But when I sang of Lycidas and Love,  
Then through my lips the song with rapture ran.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

## Sonnet: Light and Love

(January 26, 1884.)

If light should strike through every darkened place,  
How many a deed of darkness and of shame  
Would cease, arrested by its gentle grace,  
And striving virtue rise, unscathed by blame!  
The prisoner in his cell new hopes would frame,  
The miner catch the metal's lurking trace,  
The sage would grasp the ills that harm our race,  
And unknown heroes leap to sudden fame.  
If love but one short hour had perfect sway,  
How many a rankling sore its touch would heal,  
How many a misconception pass away,  
And hearts long hardened learn at last to feel;  
What sympathies would wake, what feuds decay,  
If perfect love might reign but one short day!

WALTER W. SKEAT.

## George Eliot's Poetry

By J. A. NOBLE.

(September 5, 1885.)

*George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies.* By ROSE CLEVELAND.

A VOLUME coming from the White House is, in the United States, sure to have the same kind of success which has been achieved in England by certain volumes issued from royal palaces. It is, of course, a factitious success, but it owes its existence to natural and universal human impulses, and only those people who are troubled with the superficial cynicism of youth will think it worth while to indulge in the cheap sneer which is too easy to be tempting. True criticism seldom indulges in sneers, cheap or otherwise; but then, on the other hand, it takes no heed of either White Houses or palaces, and judges work according to its quality, not according to its origin. An estimate of these essays, formed in this disinterested fashion, is hardly likely to be a very high one. Every page in this volume bears witness to the fact that the sister of President Cleveland is an intelligent, cultivated, and well-informed woman; but no page bears witness to anything more, and the book accordingly fails in the impressiveness which belongs either to striking thought or memorable expression. This failure, like most failures of the same kind, is owing to defects partly of matter, partly of manner. A critic who has not space for illustrative quotations shrinks from hard sayings which he cannot justify by evidence; but, in spite of his shrinking, he feels bound to tell what seems to him the truth, and what seems to me the truth concerning Miss Cleveland's matter is this—that it is, for the most part, either obvious or extravagant.

Take the first essay which gives a title to the book, and to which, therefore, one may fairly suppose the writer attaches special importance. It is devoted to a proof of the utterly sterile proposition that George Eliot as a poet ranks below Mrs. Browning—a proposition which it may safely be affirmed is doubted by no sane reader. It is, unfortunately, difficult to discover whether Miss Cleveland absolutely denies that George Eliot is a poet at all. Such a denial would reopen an interesting controversy concerning the *differentia* of poetry, in which I, for one, should join issue with the critic; but, as her depreciation is not positive, but comparative, there is really nothing to discuss. Nothing, that is, in her conclusions; the grounds on which those conclusions are arrived at are debateable enough, or rather they would be debateable did they not consist of unproved and really unproveable assertions. Poetry of the highest kind is produced without effort; George Eliot's poetry is characterised by continuous effort: therefore George Eliot's poetry is not of the highest kind. Such is the syllogism to the expansion of which

the first part of Miss Cleveland's essay is devoted. Here we have a major and a minor premiss, both of which are in the highest degree disputable; and, as Miss Cleveland makes no real attempt to establish either of them, what becomes of her conclusion? I do not say that within certain limitations it may not be sound. Miss Cleveland is, as I have said, undoubtedly right in awarding supremacy to Mrs. Browning; but the question she raises has nothing to do with mere degrees of rank, but with the essential nature of poetry; and that the best poetry is effortless would be denied by every great poet who ever lived. It may *seem* effortless, but that is a very different thing, and Miss Cleveland constantly vitiates her argument by confounding seeming with being.

But the critic has more to say than this. Passing from form to substance, she goes on to declare that George Eliot could not be a great poet because she was an Agnostic thinker; for the essence of true poetry is what the writer chooses to call the "antipode of Agnosticism." Miss Cleveland writes very rhetorically, and I cannot always be quite certain that I catch her exact meaning; but what I understand her to say is this—that poetry may be the expression either of firm belief or unhesitating denial, but cannot be the expression of oscillation, dubiety, or suspense. If this were true, it could only affect the subjective poetry, which gives scope to affirmation or denial, and of such poetry George Eliot gives us comparatively little, so it is difficult to see the application of the proposition to the main body of her work. But is it true? That is the "previous question," which must be answered, and, if it be answered in the affirmative, the result will be the setting aside of some of the most widely accepted verdicts of the world. Competent judges, for example, have long ago decided that Arthur Clough is a true poet, that Mr. Matthew Arnold is a great poet, that Shakespeare is a supreme poet; but Clough is always a questioning spirit, many of Mr. Arnold's most characteristic poems are poems of doubt, and what is probably the most popular passage in Shakespeare, the "to be or not to be" soliloquy, is, like the character in whose mouth it is put, an embodiment of the most absolute scepticism. It will not do. I write without the smallest leaning towards the Agnostic position; but it is clear to me, as it is to most other people, that poetry is not conditioned by belief or disbelief or doubt, but by the possession of something which is independent of all three—imaginative vision and the power of rendering it.

## The Hack

(LITERATURE, September 3, 1898.)

H E began his career as a reporter—by the merest chance. On the train that carried him from the country to New York he met the editor of a New York paper, who good-naturedly offered him a place on the

city staff. He was quick-witted and intelligent, and, after he learned to punctuate, he began to show ability.

One day he surprised the city editor by writing up a commonplace assignment in the form of a drama in three acts in which he burlesqued the foibles of several public men whom the paper habitually abused. The city editor happened to be one of those rare task-masters who believe that a man with originality is better than a machine; so he encouraged the youngster to do other articles in a similar vein. After a few months readers asked who did those very clever things, and the fame of the writer spread through "Newspaper Row." He began to think that newspapers weren't good enough for him and to long for the fame and the wealth won by successful writers of books. For years, however, he remained in newspaper work. Meanwhile, he married.

But marriage proved to be far more expensive than he had supposed. Several children came, his wife was sick half the time, and the horribly high rate of rent in New York and the cost of servants helped further to eat up his salary. He wished he had never married, and he looked back miserably to the days when he expected to have a literary career. Then the newspaper which had employed him for fifteen years changed ownership and the whole staff was discharged. He asked for a position on two other papers, and though his work was well known, he found that editors did not want it. Then he realised that his vein had been worked out. He went home, sick at the thought that he must tell his wife. When he did tell her, the sight of her eyes filling with tears and the consciousness of the resentment against him in her manner drove him out of the room. He locked himself in his study, and thought of shooting himself; but he quickly felt ashamed of this cowardice. After walking up and down the room for an hour, he decided that he would take three months to write a book and see whether he could do anything in literature. If he failed, he'd go back to hack work; he could sell enough stuff to the newspapers and periodicals to keep the family going.

When he told his wife of this scheme her face hardened and she put a few terribly practical questions to him. He replied that he was determined to carry the thing through, even if they did get deeper into debt. The next day he began work on the novel that he had had in mind for years; it made him feel as if he were trying to dig up his youth. For several days he wrote steadily; then his inspiration seemed to give out, and, though he sat at his desk for hours each day, he could not go on. His wife used to question him, and her manner was so hostile that he was driven to lying, to saying that the book was coming on finely. She had no respect for his work, and she would interrupt him and allow the children to interrupt him, so that at times he became almost frenzied. At last, when in a whole week he had written only a half-dozen pages, he decided to give up the task and to try shorter things. During the rest of the day he finished three sketches. They seemed so good that he had an impulse to read them to

his wife; then he realised that this would betray to her that he had abandoned the novel. As the sketches were too good for a newspaper he sent them to the periodicals, and the next day he wrote others. They were easy work after that depressing and endless novel. When his wife referred to the book he had not courage enough to acknowledge his failure. After a time, however, he suspected that she knew he had given it up, just as she always knew when he had accomplished nothing at his desk. There was something about her intuition that terrified him; it seemed to accuse him of being a fraud. He saw that she was pleased at the abandonment of the novel, and this gave him a bitter feeling, as if she had been the cause of his failure, and, indeed, of all his troubles. It also made him resolve to finish the book if it killed him, but secretly, so that, in case it should prove hopeless, she should not know that he had been beaten again. In a short time several of his articles came back, but many were accepted. Those that were returned he succeeded in selling elsewhere, sometimes in better periodicals. After two months he had earned considerably more than he had received on the newspaper, and he said to himself that, though he'd probably be a hack all his life, he'd keep his neck out of the halter of desk work. Editors gave him commissions, and he frequently sold his articles before they were written.

He began to make the acquaintance of men who were doing work somewhat similar to his own, and he was amused by the seriousness with which they took themselves as "literary" men. So he was a literary man, too, but he felt too old and too tired to be puffed up by the discovery; such pleasure as it gave him was wholly cynical. Then he envied the others their self-esteem. If he had it he'd probably be able to go on with that novel of his. But he would go on if only to prove to his wife that she had underrated him, so, in the intervals of his hack work, he toiled at the novel, taking pains to keep the sheets locked in his desk. More than two years passed before he finished it. Then he had it typewritten, and he sent it to the editor of a weekly paper that often published his articles. It came back with a polite note of regret. As he read the letter, hardened and experienced though he was, tears came to his eyes. That very day he resolutely sent it to another publishing house, the first of seven publishing houses that refused it. By this time, of course, his wife, who received the mail and was an expert in postmarks and handwriting, knew all about it, and discussed the rejections in a loud voice before the children. When it was published, the few newspapers whose opinions were of value criticised it severely; the others gave it perfunctory praise. At the end of the year the author received twenty-seven dollars in royalties, his first and last payment.

He never inquired why he did not receive more, and he now devotes himself wholly to hack work, much to the satisfaction of his wife, who has frequently explained to him that she always knew he couldn't write a book.

## "The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S production, or, as one would say, reproduction, of "The Winter's Tale" is a perplexing matter to speak upon. There is so much in it that some of us have been working toward, and hoping for; and yet so much that cannot do other than crush out the very being of drama. It is not easy always to distinguish them. Certainly it would be fatally easy to lose sight of what was good in what seemed bad.

Let us put it in this way. Without hesitation we say that one of the most considerable evils that the dramatist has now to face is the intrusion of the artist in the theatre. A dramatist, in so far as he is a dramatist, does not write to make pictures: he writes to create beings whose opposition shall awake emotions of terror, of joy, of laughter, that the brain shall scarcely bear. And when the artist comes in and uses such great material as the basis for his pictures, the situation is scarcely tolerable. When, in addition to this, the artist has fallen on a day when he has forsaken creation from the central stuff of beauty for barbaric and fantastic decoration, as the case is now in pictorial art, the evil of the intrusion is aggravated. Is it conceivable, for example, that the great-souled Lear, or sensitive Hamlet, or tempestuous Othello, would be able to ring conviction from the supreme words that build them into being, in silver boots on a white floor? The eye all the while would be catching the decorative effect and the ear would be missing the splendid emotion. And indeed, to make his intrusion even less conceivable, the artist himself recognises the position: for, in the person of Mr. Gordon Craig, he has declared that in the end he will turn out the dramatist and reign supreme with his moving pictures.

If Lear would not abide the decorative treatment, why, then, should Leontes be asked to? Shakespeare did not mean him, or Hermione, or Camillo, or Florizel, or Perdita, or the Shepherd, or the Clown, as lay figures for decorative purposes. He meant them to be tremendous with Life. "The poet-dramatist," says Mr. Barker, "has the advantage of being able to clothe his characters in great verbal beauty." Is it not, then, somewhat of an impertinence to that great verbal beauty to encrust it so with decorative prettiness, or daintiness, that it shall be hidden away and lost?

On Saturday this was what happened. A beautiful play by our greatest of dramatists was given; and Mr. Granville Barker, as producer, undertook the simple courage of presenting it under conditions as approximate to those for which it was written as the Savoy Theatre would allow. We have contended more than once that for a certain type of play—and that by no manner of means the worst type of play—the proscenium should be carried out into the auditorium in the form of a fore-stage, and that scenic conditions should be abolished. And by scenic conditions we mean not only the vain attempt to give realistic scenery, but the whole question of cutting up the numerous movements of such

a play into a number of separate scenes with long waits between them while the scenery was being shifted. Both these things were given us on Saturday, and given admirably. The fore-stage had entrances each side, and across the proscenium hung a heavy curtain dividing it from the inner stage. On the fore-stage Camillo and Archidamus came and spoke. No one bothered to ask the stupid question where they were supposed to be: there they were on the fore-stage. Then, when they had concluded, the curtain swung up, and Leontes, Hermione, and Polixenes entered to the inner stage. It was perfectly simple; it was perfectly natural—far more natural than the painted reproduction of a palace, or sunset, or what not—and proved that the Elizabethans knew their stage business exceeding well.

Naturally the fore-stage needed no background: the curtain across the proscenium was its background. Yet the inner stage needed some setting; and this was achieved by running a passage along the back of it, to which a tier of steps mounted, and surrounding it by a number of simple pillars that rose from stage to roof. A couple of couches or so, and a central ornament, completed the necessities. It was simple and effective; and with such conditions it would practically be possible to play the whole of the "Tale," cottage scene and all.

But then one comes to the artist, and everything is at once marred. For example, why should not the stage, out and inner, pillars and all, be coloured some neutral tint, or a combination of neutral tints? Would not that be a simpler and more sympathetic background for the characters to strike life against than a glaring white? It would indeed: but then Mr. Albert Rothenstein's fantastic costumes have to be thought of, and these clearly demand a white background. So the dramatist has to stand aside for the artist-decorator. It is another case of the auxiliary, and not the most necessary of auxiliaries, usurping the centre of the picture by reason of the invention of the new thing called the producer. The dramatist has to be the *corpus vile* for the artist to work his experiments upon, because the artist has lost the ability to work conviction on canvas.

In fact, Mr. Rothenstein condemned himself as an auxiliary by one fatal admission. There was one supremely effective costume in the play, and that was worn by Hermione during her mock trial. Unlike all the others, which were fantastic and *baroque*, it was perfectly simple and dignified. Obviously: because fantastic inventions on that figure of simple dignity standing forth in matronly appeal would have been too ridiculous for words. The dramatist for once claimed his own in the spite of the artist; which really is a kind of parable. The other characters, too, would have been more convincing and more dignified if they had been able to throw away the fantasticalities with which they were decked, and live out their urgent lives in simple earnestness. Leontes' jealousy, difficult at the best to understand, was bizarre and remote in his strange attire; the more so inasmuch as he was, in the person of Mr. Henry Ainley, forgivably conscious of it. We always thought we liked Antigonus until we saw

him walking about with four huge hearse-plumes nodding disastrously on his head—although Mr. Guy Rathbone did his best to give the forthright and moving simplicity of the man. Mr. Stanley Drewitt as Camillo had a better opportunity, inasmuch as his attire was simpler, and he made the most of it.

Apart from the decoration, it might be possible to say the production was admirable, except that the decoration, with its self-conscious fantasticality, stultified the rest. No doubt, however, the average theatre-goer will be a great deal keener on the decoration than on the play; and so good audiences will be drawn. That is the irony the dramatist has to face.

One cannot say much upon the Morris and Country dances. Probably they will be better as time goes on; but on Saturday they were very bad. The tune went one way, and the dance went another, and to cover the misfit everybody made a great deal of noise. One would not think that a rough-and-tumble of that kind needed a great deal of teaching. Moreover, on its own merits, even supposing they were justly rendered, we do not think the best dances were chosen; and we are very sure that the Satyrs' dance was quite wrongly done. The Satyrs' masks should be fastened on to their faces, not held in their hands—it is impossible to render the rhythm of a dance with a hand held to the face—and they should not so much intersperse among the villagers as pass through them—which is quite a different thing, and one that accords with the origin of the dance.

Among the actors, Miss Esmé Beringer as Pauline seemed to us to be most in the spirit of Shakespearean characterisation, which should be the chief thing in a Shakespearean production. Lillah McCarthy as Hermione was a grave and dignified figure, and, although she did not quite get the rich music of them, spoke the lines in the trial scene with a sense of their simple majesty. Mr. Arthur Whitby was scarcely irresponsible enough for Autolycus; nevertheless, he filled him with humour. As Perdita, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt was not gracious and dignified enough: she was less the memory of a princess than a happy village girl. And Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry was altogether too dandyish as Florizel, who is a brave and good fellow. Nevertheless, despite the fact that the hand of the artist made impertinent intrusions on the proper business of the dramatist, the production was an excellent one, and, in the courage of some of its departures, we venture to say that it will be a memorable one.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

### The Coliseum

THE principal attraction at the Coliseum this week, as well as that for last week and the next four weeks, is deservedly the appearance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the various rôles in which she has made so great a name for herself. In the famous *Borgia Poison Scene* she shows that she still possesses those great powers of persuasion and cajolery that brought her fame in the past and retain for her the admiration of both English and French audiences. On this occa-

sion she was well aided by M. Lou Tellegen, whose calm yet severe attitude as the Duke of Ferrara was all the more intensified by the slight lapses he allowed himself when *Lucrèce Borgia* appealed so beautifully and pathetically for the life of her son in the language whose variant tones no one knows better how to use than Mme. Sarah. The great enthusiasm of the audience and the eager crowd at the stage door as they wait to catch a glimpse of the favourite speak well for the continued success of the "turn" and of the good feeling between the two nations. In connection with this year's visit to the Coliseum, Mr. Oswald Stoll is producing a souvenir volume entitled "The Bernhardt Birthday Book," at the price of 2s. 6d. net. This volume contains a copy of the address which it is proposed to present to Mme. Bernhardt on the occasion of her birthday on October 23, together with a quotation for each day in the year taken from the chief plays of this actress's repertoire and other works. The proceeds of the sale are to be given to the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue.

It is typical now of these large places of amusement that they do not rely solely upon one attraction, however great, for their evening's entertainment, and at the Coliseum on Monday evening there were many excellent items on the programme. The condensed version of Signor Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" alone was worth hearing from its restful and satisfying music. Mention must also be made of an excellent little sketch entitled "The Broken Mirror," which is one of the best short plays we have seen for some time. There is also a comic little dialogue between a suffragette and her long-suffering husband. This was received with enthusiastic good humour by everyone except one young man in the stalls, who looked very angry indeed, and was unkind—if not rude—enough to shout "Rot!"

### British Government in East Africa

By MAJOR PIERS W. NORTH.

THE latest white man's country opened up by Great Britain, if white man's country it is to be, is an interesting study at the present time.

The protest of the white settlers against the appointment of Mr. Belfield as Governor of the British East Africa Protectorate, has received less attention at home than might have been expected; it points, however, to one of the problems that must be dealt with in the future, that problem being the almost universal feeling among the white settlers against Indian government methods, Indian emigrants, the Indian code of law, and anything and everything Indian. The protest was a protest against the appointment of what was considered to be an Indian official—although the distinguished Civil Servant in question came really from the Malay States—and not against Mr. Belfield personally.

The writer, who has only recently returned from a trip in British East Africa, where he mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest officials

to the wildest savage hunters in the great forest, hopes that his impressions may be of interest to the wide circle of readers of THE ACADEMY.

Among the white settlers the criticism of the Government is exceptionally severe, even for white inhabitants of a Crown Colony; or, rather, their criticism of governmental methods prior to the appointment of Sir Percy Girouard, the retiring Governor, the praise of whom is as high as the abuse of all that preceded him is unqualified. The settlers usually added that they did not suppose that even his Excellency could do the good to the country he might otherwise, as he would be overruled by the home authorities.

The white settlers are mainly of British and Boer descent. The latter, of whom more presently, always have had a dislike to Colonial Office methods, especially with regard to protecting the natives. Although they are at present numerically less than the British settlers, it is to be remembered that their natural rate of increase is far more rapid. The average Briton is by nature rather a grumbler, but it seems strange that he does not in East Africa realise the great skill and success with which the native problem has been handled in the country. This is the more strange as amongst the settlers of British descent is a large proportion who have come from South Africa, and these should remember the long series of costly and unsatisfactory native wars of the last century in the various States of what is now the Union. Even across the border to the south the native difficulties of their German neighbours are an indirect testimony to the skilful native administration of the British Colony.

Why, then, is there such feeling amongst white settlers against the Government? Discontent undoubtedly does exist; for examples in the past one has only to remember the Nairobi flogging case, the incidents connected with the trial and deportation of Mr. Cole, and, further back still, the demonstration outside Government House under Colonel Hayes-Saddler's administration, when the leading white settlers, including a peer of the realm and member of the Council of Colony, assembled in front of the Governor's residence, with rifles in their hands, and shouted out "Resign, resign!"

It seems to the writer that the great British Empire requires administrators of two different kinds—those to govern black men and those to govern white ones; the very qualities which make a man successful in dealing with a black-man country may make him unsuccessful in dealing with a white-man country, and of all black men administrators the worst kind for dealing with a young white community is perhaps the Indian Civil Servant. An apt example comes to mind in the case of Sir Owen Lanyon's disastrous administration of the Transvaal prior to the first Boer War.

Comparing our East African Colonies with the German possessions in that part of Africa, one finds that the progress and development of the highlands compare as favourably with the corresponding district in our neighbour's country as our coast province compares

unfavourably with theirs. Our policy in the past has clearly been to make a success of white-man's East Africa, by which term may be described the districts where European women and children can live and thrive, whilst rather neglecting the tropical districts, or at any rate those near the coast. A wise policy, too; but still, if the same method were followed in dealing with the coast province as was recently applied to Uganda—e.g., separating it from the rest of the Protectorate, and placing it under some expert ruler of tropical districts, with a free hand and some money to spend on it—the result, judging from the German plantations to the south, would be astonishing. There is no doubt that there are great possibilities in the coast province, and that it has been long neglected for the important up-country districts. The fact that so able a man as Mr. C. W. Hobley, C.M.G., the senior Provincial Commissioner of the whole Protectorate, has recently been moved from the headquarters at Nairobi to the coast province is perhaps a sign that some such change is contemplated.

To turn to the white population. A very considerable proportion of them come from South Africa. Whether of British or Boer origin, they have ingrained in them the idea of treating natives with severity, to say the least of it, and there is this to be said for their view, that the East African native's idea of the proper punishment for a fault is a beating. The flogging of a native by his employer is against the law. None the less it is a fact, though a sad one, that the white man who was thought by his native employees to be afraid to flog, if need be, would lose their respect.

The British South Africans usually say that they had to leave their former country when the Home Government "gave it to the Boers"; none the less, they remain British at heart. As to the Boers—the writer is an interpreter in their language, and was for several years the only one in the British Army—they are largely irreconcilables, who, after the war, trekked north into German East Africa rather than be under the British flag. There they wished to found an independent Republic of their own. The consequent trouble with the German authorities led to their making a further move to the north into British East Africa. Their experiences in the late South African War have given them a high opinion of their own military value, and there is no need to add what are their political views. Everything depends on the officials who have to deal with them; and they are easily dealt with, given the right man. These people have brought their women with them; the men marry young, and large families are the rule among them.

Last, but certainly not least, come the settlers from the Mother Country. Many of them are young men of good family, but, unfortunately for the country, not young married men with large families. Let us hope, however, that the future may see there, in the heart of Africa, on the healthy uplands opened up by British enterprise and British gold, another young nation of British race to be a further glory to the British Empire.

## The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

THE caravan is now an accepted institution. You may meet with it—at fairly long intervals, it is true—pacing sedately along the high road, or brought to rest in some leafy land-harbour, its attendant steed champing at the grass of a field or at the turf of the roadside. It is a sedate progress, this of caravanning, placid, restful, and amazingly instructive in the ways of nature and of mankind in the less trodden haunts of the British Isles. It constitutes an inland voyage, as it were, and serves admirably in the breeding of an independence which bans such prosaic traders as butchers, bakers, and shoeblocks. Yet it seems to be that caravanning has not gone with the times. Perhaps, from the mere nature of the occupation, it was never meant to. Judged by the true ethics of the pastime, a motor caravan would partake of the nature of a horsemarine or of boiling ice. One could, in fact, as soon imagine Homer dodging a London General omnibus. But all this affords no reason why the motor-car should not be slept in. The vehicle certainly affords greater facilities for this purpose than the sheeted Thames punt, or the few cubic feet of shelter with which the owner of the smaller type of half-decked boat has to content himself.

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Yet I know of no type of car in ordinary use which is designed for any such purposes. This may be due to ignorance alone; but if cars of this nature exist, I have never had the opportunity of setting eyes on one. Of course, men have slept in their automobiles many a time. But such occasions have, I think, always been special, notably in the case of lengthy pioneer journeys in comparatively strange lands. Certainly in the history of road vehicles none has ever before offered such opportunities in the way of a home on wheels. A moderate degree of ingenuity and a rather larger amount of imagination could easily bring into being something as terrestrially comprehensive and magnificent as is the houseboat on the waters—a creation before which Jules Verne's automatic iron travelling elephant would pale! Really and truly, the more it is considered, the more fascinating does the prospect become. An absolute command of Great Britain could be achieved at, comparatively speaking, a minimum cost. One could breakfast in London, and spend the night on the moors of Devon or Yorkshire. Actually on the moors, moreover: not in some hired furnished house that gave a distant view from one or two favoured windows. In the fashion of a squatter, one could beard the Scottish and Welsh mountains, or settle down for the night at just that distance from a burn at which the music of its waters would sound the most soothing. One might even come to anchor amid bracken, the perfume of which would drown the final reek of the petrol. It is impossible to

give free rein to a subject such as this. It would lead for many miles—and pages. But surely it would be worth putting the thing to the test!

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It is, perhaps, poetic justice that has now at such short notice flung back many hotel-keepers on to a pinnacle of power as lofty as their predecessors enjoyed in the days of the stage-coach. There is no need to dilate on the results to the buildings themselves; these are obvious to all in the porticos, balconies, and stucco erections which now shine out so brazenly in many a rural district. The cold beef and cheese remain, it is true, but only as an adjunct to a meal dignified and vouched for by a printed menu. And I fear that in many instances the landlord has grown proud. There are many places where, should one arrive at a crowded coffee-room, one may count on a reception similar to that meted out to the foolish virgins. Prosperity does not seem to have endowed the rural hotel-keeper with elasticity either of temperament or of method. This is one of the few remaining things which they undoubtedly do better in France. There the landlord of a full house is most notably free from any taint of superciliousness. His regrets for the unfortunate state of affairs are almost tearful in their intensity, and his suggestions for the visitors' comfort during the interval of hunger which must elapse before a specially prepared meal are feverish in their eloquence. After all, it is the Frenchman who is wise; for it is by means such as this that he doubles the numbers of his clientèle. The Englishman is either too easily satisfied or too honest, and neither of these attributes seems to be permanently profitable in this world!

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This topic, of course, leads to hotels—if for no other reason than that the suggested mode of travelling does nothing of the kind. It is this very independence which constitutes the chief charm of an "outfit" which serves for the night as well as for the day. Independence, moreover, is a luxury which has during the past few years been too much on the side of the hotel-keeper. There are comparatively few adults who cannot remember the antemotorian days of the country inn and minor hotel. The tide of the stage-coach, long receded, had left these hostleries stranded on a peculiarly arid and stony beach. A few cyclists and commercial travellers would carve the cold beef and nibble at the cheese, which together made up the meal—a repast as inevitable and unalterable as a modern income-tax paper. Indeed, a rural hotel without its round of beef and block of Cheddar cheese would have been as incongruous as a sportsman who went out to wait for grouse with no cartridge in his gun. It is not to be wondered at that the host of half a generation ago was an unimaginative person. His coterie was strictly local, and addicted to very little beyond beer. The advent of a travelling stranger was thus somewhat of an event in his life, and he welcomed him none the less cordially for the knowledge that the visit was almost invariably due to necessity rather than choice.

## Foreign Reviews

### DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

In the September number, "Stephano Schwertner," by dint of a forced march, reaches the end of her first part, and will rest till January. Herr Richard Fester has an essay on Goethe's standpoint towards the French Revolution, and on those of his works that show its influence on his mind. Monsignor Count Vay von Vaya und zu Luskod contributes a most interesting description of Tripoli. Herr Max Zimmermann concludes his study of foreign painters in Italy in the times of Rubens; the present contribution is largely devoted to the influence of the Italian landscape on the visitors, especially Claude and Poussin. The correspondence of Gentz and Metternich is concluded. The former exhibits great shrewdness in foreseeing the fall of Napoleon, and in advocating a policy of masterly inactivity.

### LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

August 16.—M. Risal contributes a most interesting article on the Turkish people, who have been consistently sacrificed to their rulers and neighbours. The various proposed solutions of the Turkish problem have awakened no echo in the national breast. The democratic solution means destruction by assimilation, and Panislamism is no cure for the particular disease. The "Yeni Hayat" is an interesting movement that seems to offer some chance of awakening a Turkish soul. M. Labitte concludes his study of "L'Intelligence chez les Insectes"; the present article is very good, and gives good reason for rejecting the conception of instinct. "On a toujours l'orgueil des vices que l'on vous prête," says Jean Lorrain, in M. Marc Brésil's article on him; certainly the speaker was in a position to judge of the truth of his pronouncement. M. Davray summarises, among other notices on Andrew Lang, Mr. Steele's appreciation in THE ACADEMY.

September 1.—M. René Descharmes discusses "Les Connaissances médicales de Flaubert," who, it appears, was never a doctor, but borrowed largely from the accounts of the wreck of the Medusa for his picture of human suffering, called "Le Défilé de la Hache" in "Salâmmbo." M. Paul Louis talks of diplomatic anarchy and the dangers of war; Europe is dislocated, conscience is dead, and every domestic brawl means a foreign or colonial adventure. "En d'autres temps, la Turquie jeune ou vieille n'eût pas été abandonnée à son sort." M. Jules de Gaultier, à propos the pictures of M. Poitelin, discusses the psychology of landscape painting; M. Henri Malo writes an appreciation of M. Pirenne as the national historian of Belgium, and the interminable debate on Casanova and "les Plombs" is continued by M. Adnesse.

### LA REVUE.

August 15.—In the last number M. Gaston Riou expounded the "laïque" French ideal; here M. Julien de Narfon answers him from the Catholic point of view.

Disowning Ultramontanism, M. de Narfon considers that Catholicism is fully compatible with all French aspirations—democracy, patriotism, science, and "le rêve français." Dr. de Neuville, under the heading of "Comment on découvre les Crimes," gives a series of true detective stories. Of "Marie de Sainte-Heureuse" M. Faguet says that it is "sous un petit volume une des grandes œuvres de ce temps." His reasons for admiring it are not so convincing; its originality seems to us at least questionable. M. de Banzemont gives a "Drame populaire au Japon" in skeleton, with extracts. M. Léon Charpentier tells of Chinese mythology, an accretion chiefly of Taoism. The history of the "dieu des charcutiers" is amusing and illuminating. "Brada" describes Hamburg before the war of 1870.

September 1.—M. Magne's "Ninon de Lenclos" quivers in the serpentine embrace of M. Faguet's irony. General Chérif Pacha denounces the "Committee of Union and Progress" in no measured terms; it continues, he says, the tyranny of Abdul Hamid. M. Chuquet is very interesting on Tchernychev, "l'éternel postillon," who carried messages between the Czar, Napoleon, and others. He saw the French Emperor in all his aspects, and heard him assert that "la question"—of maritime supremacy, as a corollary of Continental supremacy—"se décidera sur les chantiers d'Anvers." M. Tibal criticises German methods in regard to negroes; M. Mondain is amusing on the subject of Madagascar women, and Dr. Rodiet shows how a large measure of liberty, with opportunities for work and mutual supervision, solves the problem of the mentally deficient in two institutions in France.

## Indian Journals

In the six numbers of the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) from July 3 to August 7 there would be much to notice, if space permitted. The editor will do some good by his reprobation of the *nautch* as a method of entertainment. The sooner it becomes obsolete the better. It was never edifying or amusing, and is always fraught with unpleasant associations. The conditions accepted for the permanence of British rule in India are clearly stated, equal treatment of every part of the Empire, religious toleration—greatly appreciated by the Indians—and just administration; the treatment of British Indians in the South African colonies is not forgotten. The rise in prices in India is attributed to the substitution of non-food crops for food crops. The Trans-Persian railway scheme receives the editor's support; he also advocates the construction of cheap railway lines, though he can know nothing of the question of the cost of construction. But it is on this very ground, want of knowledge of India, that the appointment of Lord Islington to preside over the Public Services Commission is unfavourably criticised. The suggestion recently made for a Royal Viceroy of India, with an official *Diwan*, is not favourably entertained.

But the idea that English ministers should travel in India to gain information is warmly welcomed. The difficulty of the religious question in England is mentioned as calculated to convince those who are so eager to introduce religious instruction in Indian schools of the almost insuperable obstacles in their way. When an Indian editor comments on English politics, he must fail to satisfy English readers. His views can hardly be original, and may easily be worthless. A writer has been spending a month with the Gaekwar of Baroda, and describes his reforms and views on marriage. The latter must be edifying, presuming that he has studied the question by the light of experience.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society* of Bombay, for 1911, is belated, but the delay is unimportant. "The cult of the bath" is an exhaustive study of the Oriental practice of ablution, in which, it is stated, a section of the Jain community does not share, with very disagreeable results. "Superstition about unlucky days and objects" is readable, but the whole subject of omens and superstitions has been rather overdone lately. The "list of papers read during the last 25 years" affords evidence of the literary energy of the members of this society.

The *Collegian* (Calcutta), for June and July, records the splendid donation of property worth seven lakhs by an Indian barrister to the Calcutta University for founding Chairs in Chemistry and Physics, and for the establishment of a University Laboratory: the Chairs are "always to be filled by Indians." Primary education in the advanced State, Mysore, is being extended, and compulsory education has been proposed. A Bengali professor suggests the study of Sanskrit "in the method in which we acquire our mother tongue." If Sanskrit were a living, spoken language, there would be something in the suggestion, but it is not. The find of a portrait statue of Kanishka, the great king, near Muttra, is worthy of record. In Bombay the Government has received very gracious promises of support towards the establishment of a Government College of Commerce. The Government of India have pressed upon Indian students the desirability of providing themselves, before leaving India, with certificates of identity, signed by district officers. The intention is good, but is incomplete. The students should be required, on returning to India, to produce certificates of good conduct in England, to render them eligible for any appointment in India. The Government of India have made handsome grants of money to the Universities of Bombay and Madras. The supporters of the Hindu University project are busy in collecting subscriptions, to amount to the stipulated minimum of 50 lakhs before legislation is undertaken. Year after year, students are flocking to the American Universities to prosecute their studies. The literary and scientific papers in this journal are varied and always worthy of perusal.

The *Hindustan Review*, for July, 1912, opens with a remarkable article on the difficulties of Indian Historiography by Dr. S. V. Ketkar, the author of two thoughtful volumes on Caste and Hin-

duism. He advocates the speaking of truth in history, not only as honourable, but also as expedient. He concurs with the action of Government in suppressing the book on "the Indian war of independence," attributed to Mr. Savarkar; a book written in highly inflammatory language, intended to make the Indian reader hate the English. Dr. Ketkar considers it necessary to write in English, so long as there is no Indian language universally accepted. English is likely to prevail. There is freshness in the paper on "the law regulating relations between Muslims and non-Muslims," by a Muhammadan judge of a High Court; the subject is judicially treated, and it would be an advantage if the conclusions were clearly formulated. An Indian writer describes "some peculiar jobs in America," some of which might easily be adopted in India, and provide openings for the industrious. Among the various forms of business are "bottled smoke," "cock-roach shooer," "saint maker," "second-hand tombstones," "professional mourner," "corporation psych $\delta$ logist." It is a revelation to find "Buddhist ideas in Shakespeare" discussed by an Italian; and a Parsee professor writing on "Aristotle on the origin of the State." The review of Sir Marc Stein's "Ruins of Desert Cathay," by Dr. Coomaraswamy, is one of the best we have seen: and the paper on Robert Browning, as the Man and the Poet, is a valuable study of his works. The article on "Hafiz; how he lived and thought," will appeal to Oriental scholars. The notices of books on Indian subjects are many, various, and good: they are, perhaps, too generally laudatory. The contents of this Review fully justify the flattering remarks set out on the outside cover.

## General Nogi

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IT is hard to believe that the man who twice captured Port Arthur and who turned the left wing of Kourapatkin's army at Mukden is no more. But now that I look back on the days that I spent with the General before Port Arthur, when I came to know him very intimately, his suicide does not altogether take me by surprise. In the first place, it was freely rumoured throughout the besieging army at the time, and the rumour seems to be confirmed by the final tragedy—if one can call it such—that after the failure of the second general assault on Port Arthur on October 30, 1904, Nogi wrote to the Emperor a personal letter requesting to be relieved of his command, and also asking the Imperial permission to take his own life. He felt very deeply his failure to capture Port Arthur by a *coup de main* as he had confidently expected; doubtless basing his confidence on his brilliant feat of arms which had enabled him to capture it from the Chinese in a single day's fighting ten years before. He knew

that the services of his army were urgently needed in the north, and, had he succeeded in rushing the fortress in August, the presence of his victorious troops at Liaoyang would almost certainly have led to the surrounding and defeat of Kouropatkin's whole army, and have ended the war summarily. Thus, when his second assault failed, involving as it did a fearful loss of life, he felt that the whole responsibility for this misplaced confidence and for the failure rested on his shoulders.

But the Emperor and his advisers took a very different view. Instead of being recalled, superseded and disgraced, as so many commanders would have been by their Governments, the Emperor wrote him a personal letter, thanking him for his services and encouraging him to persevere with his terrible task. From the time of the receipt of that letter General Nogi banished all thoughts of resignation or suicide until his work was done. In the latter stages of the siege his character and demeanour underwent a complete change. He was no longer the smiling, cheerful man whom we had known early in August. He grew to look years older; his hair turned grey, and he went about more like the embodiment of some grim fate determined to fulfil a task, not heeding the cost. The strain on him must have been frightful, yet, except for these changes I have noted, he remained outwardly calm, and probably none, except those in his immediate entourage, knew how much he suffered.

The climax was reached at the end of the failure of the third general assault on the fortress on November 26, which caused a loss of over twenty thousand men killed and wounded. The position now seemed desperate. It was known that the Baltic Fleet was on its way to the Far East; no one knew for certain the state of the squadron shut up in Port Arthur, but the junction of the two fleets might spell disaster to Japan. Somehow or other that squadron in Port Arthur had to be destroyed. A single aeroplane or even a dirigible would have solved the whole complex problem, for the discovery would at once have been made that none of the warships were in a position ever to put to sea again, that the crews had been sent ashore, and that many of the guns had been placed in the forts. But in 1904 no aeroplane had flown, and but little was known of dirigibles, and the information could only be obtained by a further sacrifice of thousands of lives. It was at this stage that General Nogi showed the inflexibility of his character. In spite of the crushing nature of his defeat on November 26 and the general discouragement throughout his army, Nogi never lost heart or hesitated for a single instant. On the very next day, November 27, he rode eighteen miles to the extreme west of his line and gave orders for that series of desperate attacks on 203 Metre Hill which ended in its capture on December 5, after ten thousand Japanese soldiers had fallen on its bloodstained slopes. Thus he was able to retrieve his defeat in the east by his victory in the west. The capture of 203 Metre Hill laid bare the secrets of the inner harbour of Port Arthur, and from that hour the fire of the besiegers' batteries could be directed on to

the Russian warships. Once they were sunk, the surrender of the fortress became of secondary importance.

During the operations which led to the capture of 203 Metre Hill, Nogi lost his second son, his only other son having fallen earlier in the war at Nanshan. I saw the General a very few days after this occurrence, and, although the blow was a crushing one, ending as it did the last of his line, he showed absolutely no trace of personal grief, and when we ventured to tender our sympathies he only replied: "One of my sons fell at Nanshan, the other at 203 Metre Hill, both in the service of their Emperor; I would not have it otherwise." The General did his duty nobly until the end of the war; his services to Japan cannot be overestimated; but all his hopes and happiness were shattered in that struggle. Afterwards a reaction must have set in. Not only had he to mourn the death of his two sons, but he felt deeply the loss of so many of his old comrades in arms who had marched to certain death at his orders. Like General Ichinohe, who openly expressed his desire to join his lost brigade in the great beyond, Nogi felt that his life no longer belonged to this world. His true friends and true interests lay beyond the mists of death. Yet as long as the Emperor, his old master, lived, he felt it his duty to serve him.

The last time I saw him was in the Hyde Park Hotel on the occasion of the Coronation of King George. He had just arrived, and his A.D.C. announced that he would see no visitors. I sent up my card, and the reply at once came back: "Tell him to come up, as it will be a great pleasure to see anyone who was with me all through the Siege of Port Arthur." I found the General sitting in an easy-chair, dressed in a frock-coat, looking quite lost in his unnatural surroundings, but otherwise not much changed. For nearly an hour I sat with him, and we discussed through an interpreter the chief events of the siege. He seemed delighted to dwell on the past and to go over the old ground. He told me in detail what all his leading generals had been doing since the war, and the positions they now occupied. He seemed to have regained all his old cheerfulness and good spirits, and I left under the impression that he had entirely recovered from his anxieties and personal loss. But I suppose that underneath this Oriental mask his sorrows still weighed heavily upon him. He certainly looked strangely out of place in European garb and in Western surroundings, and I am quite sure he was desperately anxious to get back to Japan and to his garden which he loved so well. Probably ever since the end of the war he had contemplated suicide, but as long as the Mikado lived he did not feel himself free to take his life. With the death of the Emperor his last link with old Japan snapped. His services would no longer be required; he had reached an age where only a lonely private life was left to him. He had no heir to train in the old Daimio spirit and to carry on his line and traditions. His thought moved towards his old comrades who had fallen in the war, towards his two sons who had given their lives for their country, and nothing probably appeared more natural to him than to follow his old

master beyond the great divide. Could he but know, he would probably be amazed to learn the sensation his death has created throughout the whole world.

The character of General Nogi hardly belonged to this age. Simplicity and a sense of duty were its key-notes. He would have served equally faithfully in a great or humble capacity. Whether he was really a great general is open to question. His reckless assaults on Port Arthur showed a remarkable ignorance of the changed conditions of modern warfare, but his strength of character triumphed over all obstacles in the end. He handled his troops in the most masterly manner in the operations round Mukden, and almost succeeded in cutting off the retreat of the Russian army; it is difficult, however, to say how much of the credit was due to him and how much to the orders of Oyama and the General Staff. But he will surely occupy a high place in the Valhalla of fame. Amongst the Japanese he will stand as one of the greatest heroes of all time, and the example of his life may prove of inestimable value to future generations of his countrymen.

## Notes and News

Mr. Horace A. Vachell's comedy, "Jelf's," which was one of the successes of the spring at Wyndham's Theatre, is now being published by Mr. Murray in book form.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish during the next few days a novel entitled "Bachelors' Buttons: The Candid Confessions of a Shy Bachelor," by Edward Burke, about whose identity some mystery exists.

Professor Schäfer's address (abridged), with report of the discussion on "The Origin of Life," at the British Association meetings, and comments by Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. A. R. Wallace, and Rev. R. J. Campbell, has been published as a penny pamphlet by the *Christian Commonwealth*, Salisbury Square.

We understand that the pseudonym L. V. H. Witley (whose work, "Love from Beyond the Veil," is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. L. N. Fowler and Co.), is made use of by a man, acting, however, as the mouthpiece of a woman. Mr. Witley traverses Miss Corelli's affirmation in "The Life Everlasting" that there is no possibility of communication with the spirits of the dead.

So great is the popularity of "Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre that it has been found necessary to arrange for extra matinees on Thursdays. The first of these special matinees will be on October 10 and the second on October 17. In this way it is hoped that it will be in some small degree possible to accommodate those who have been disappointed at being unable to secure seats for other performances.

The *Era* has taken the very practical step of getting all the actors and actresses in Great Britain to give their

votes on the burning question of the Sunday closing of theatres and music-halls. The result is both decisive and significant, as is shown by the following figures:—For theatres and music-halls to be shut, 2,834; for picture palaces to be shut, 2,265; for theatres and music-halls to be open, 128; for picture palaces to be open, 678.

Amongst the earliest books to be published by Mr. Murray in October will be the extraordinary narrative of an interesting journey made across Mesopotamia and Southern Kurdistan by Mr. E. B. Soane. The author, whose disguise was so perfect as to deceive the natives, was able to penetrate to parts not hitherto visited, and in his book he throws new light on the character of the Kurds, whose reputation has hitherto hardly been flattering to them. The book is entitled "To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise."

Among the contents of the third number of *Bedrock* (published October 1) will be "Recent Discoveries of Ancient Human Remains and their Bearing on the Antiquity of Man," by A. Keith, M.D., F.R.C.S.; "Mistaken Identity," by Clifford Sully; "Modern Vitalism," by Hugh Elliott, dealing largely with the Bergson school of thought; and "Uncommon Sense as a Substitute for Investigation," by Sir Oliver Lodge. The current research notes are contributed by Dr. Buckmaster, and this number will also contain notes on new apparatus and a critical review of the work achieved by the recent Eugenics Congress, contributed by the acting editor.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. publish this week "An Australian Native's Standpoint," by Mr. Will. J. Sowden, editor of the *Register*, Adelaide, a volume of addresses on a variety of subjects, and a new book by the Right Hon. James Bryce, entitled "South America: Observations and Reflections." The volume is the product of a journey made by the author through this region, and records his impressions regarding scenery, social and economic phenomena, the people, and the prospects for the development of industry and commerce in Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. Mr. Bryce has also something to say about the relics of prehistoric civilisation, the native Indian population, and the conditions of political life in the Republics.

Mr. Heinemann publishes this week the first five volumes of "The Loeb Classical Library," a series of Greek and Latin texts, with English translations on the opposite page. The series will be edited by T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D., and will include examples not only of the authors of the classical periods of Greek and Latin, but also the early writers and the later. In fact, the series will cover twenty-five centuries of Greek and Latin Literature, from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople. It is hoped to publish, in all, twenty volumes before the end of this year. Two authors prominent in the discussions of the British Association will publish books with Mr. Heinemann during next month—Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, who has written on "The Childhood of Animals," and Mr. P. Amaury Talbot, of Nigerian fame, whose book is called "In the Shadow of the Bush." Mr. Heinemann will also publish Mr. George Moore's second instalment of his Irish recollections early in October, under the title of "Salve."

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

THE mission of M. Sazonoff to England has a definite purpose—the amplification of the Anglo-Russian understanding. While affairs in all parts of the world are being discussed at the historic meeting between the Russian Foreign Secretary and Sir Edward Grey, it has rightly been surmised that the future of Persia will largely occupy the attention of the two statesmen. Not without significance is the circumstance that Lord Revelstoke, who represents the British financial interests in the Trans-Persian Railway project, accompanied M. Sazonoff to Balmoral. It is no secret that for long British policy in Persia has not been at all in harmony with that of Russia. That the existing understanding between the two countries has successfully withstood the strain thus imposed is evidence of the good sense that characterises their mutual relations no less than of the realisation, as strong in St. Petersburg as it is in London, that no selfish considerations must be allowed to interfere with the effectiveness of the Triple Entente as an instrument for maintaining the peace of Europe. It is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of frankness animating Anglo-Russian co-operation that M. Sazonoff should visit England with the object of discussing exhaustively the differences that have arisen in regard to Persia, so that, once and for all, the two Powers who are responsible for the destiny of this afflicted land may bring their policies into line.

The condition of the country is to-day worse than ever it was. Two years have elapsed since Great Britain informed the Teheran Government that, unless the disorder in the Southern territory was speedily quelled, she would be compelled to intervene and herself undertake the task. Since then no semblance of an improvement has taken place. Brigandage of the worst kind, accompanied by murder and rapine, has been practised, with but few attempts at repression. Apart from the constant sacrifice of human life, trade has been paralysed. Our forbearance in face of these deplorable conditions has gone entirely unrewarded; indeed, it has spread to no small extent the belief that we are not sufficiently strong to enforce our warnings, and, as a consequence, our prestige is for the time being at a low ebb. In Northern Persia the circumstances are entirely different. Here it is not denied, even by the most captious critics of Russia's methods, that she has succeeded in establishing a certain measure of tranquillity. To accomplish her object she has, of course, been compelled to embark upon a limited military occupation of the territory, and has never hesitated, whenever occasion required, to suppress anarchy with a strong hand. Had she left the task of maintaining order to the Persian authorities, as we have done in the South, the general state of the country would doubtless have become so bad as to call for decisive action on the part of England and Russia long before now. As it is, the chaotic state of affairs in the capital, coupled with the reign of anarchy

in the South, has not been without a seriously detrimental effect upon Russian interests.

Sentimental regard for the fate of Persia must not be allowed to obscure the plain and painful facts of the situation. The experiment of Constitutional Government has failed. To find the true reason for its failure may provide grounds for controversy. But that the Anglo-Russian understanding gave Persia any small chance she may have had to revive her fortunes cannot be gainsaid. It relieved the people of one form of tyranny: that of the ex-Shah and his Ministers. At the time no human being could foresee that another and perhaps, if anything, a worse form of tyranny would be substituted: that of anarchy thriving under a corrupt and incompetent administration wearing the cloak of Constitutional Government. At least, the Anglo-Russian understanding, with its guarantee that the integrity of Persia would be maintained, afforded her statesmen a breathing space in which to make an honest attempt to establish sound government. Had Russia been left to decide the problem alone, Persia would have long since vanished from the ranks of nations. After four years of anxious watchfulness there are signs that the patience of Russia with the British policy of restraint is exhausted. The subject, however, is one which, as I have already said, is being discussed frankly, and it will be found that the decision arrived at will tend to draw closer still the ties of amity that bind the two Powers.

## CHINA'S NEW LOAN.

In regard to the new Chinese Loan we wrote last week that "too much importance cannot be attached to this attempt (on the part of China) to secure financial aid outside the powerful ring, the representatives of which are at present jealously watching the course of events in the Chinese capital; for it will constitute a test case by which all similar attempts will be judged and determined." Hitherto, by virtue of the diplomatic support accorded by the six Powers, the international group has enjoyed a potential monopoly in the State finance of the Republic, and the Peking Government have found themselves thwarted whenever they sought by indirect means to conclude arrangements with independent bankers who were willing to advance money on terms far less stringent than those demanded by the Consortium. It would seem, however, that at last the ring has been broken and a precedent established, whereby China is at liberty to come to the open markets of the West in order to obtain, on the adequate security which we feel sure she will be able to offer, much needed relief from her present financial embarrassments. For, during the past week, two important announcements have been made—the first, that when the Foreign Office was approached by the London group, although the latter were given to understand that a protest would be lodged in Peking, no intimation as to prohibition was made on behalf of the British Government; the second, that negotiations with the Six-Powers Group have been definitely terminated.

At this stage it is not easy to foresee what action will be taken in regard to China's assertive policy of operating independently of the favoured Consortium; but if it is clearly shown that adequate security can be forthcoming for a loan which is the outcome of purely commercial enterprise, then it will be a difficult matter for Sir Edward Grey to justify anything in the nature of opposition to the completion of the transaction. From the beginning the position of the international group has been such as to warrant little in the way of admiration. To what extent its conduct as an aggregate has been shaped by the diplomatic pressure brought to bear upon certain of its components it is difficult to determine; but there can be slight doubt that, rightly or wrongly, it has earned for itself the reputation for harsh methods. Pampered by the Legations, the incumbents of which have been actuated by widely dissimilar motives, the Consortium unquestionably adopted an attitude which could not be otherwise than offensive to the Government and people of China. In other words, the terms demanded for any financial accommodation not only provided for the privilege of monopoly in the future, as far as the group was concerned, thus denying the nation those advantages of the open market so freely accorded Japan in the early days of the Restoration, but they imposed humiliating restrictions upon the expenditure of any monies advanced which, as we pointed out in *THE ACADEMY* months ago, could not fail to lead to a dangerous national reaction.

Then, when the Peking Government, rightly estimating the temper of the Provinces, refused to entertain these terms, and statements were made in the House of Commons to the effect that an unwilling China was having money forced upon her, the members of the Consortium piously protested their disinterestedness and proclaimed that it was China who was eager to borrow, not they to lend. Such lofty serenity, if it has been maintained, will enable them to bear with equanimity the events of the past week. We have never been able to understand how, when it came to the point, China could be coerced into dealing with the international group. Four, at least, of the six Powers concerned would refuse to adopt that extreme and only measure which *could* ensure compliance—the arbitrament of war.

## MOTORING

MEMBERS of the A. A. and M. U. have received a letter from the Secretary informing them that for some time a special committee of the Association has had under consideration various proposals designed to secure for them a certain and cheap supply of petrol, and inviting them to fill up a postcard reading :

In the event of the Association being in a position to secure a supply of petrol at a price not exceeding 1s. 2d. per gallon, including the present tax of 3d. per gallon, I am prepared to contract to purchase, through the Association, an average of .....

gallons annually for the next three years, irrespective of any competitive prices which may prevail.

It has not so far transpired how the Association proposes to secure the spirit at the price indicated; and in view of the frank declaration of one of the importing companies' delegates at the R. A. C. Conference, to the effect that no reduction whatever would be allowed to any association of private motorists no matter how large a contract might be offered, it is a matter of speculation as to what is in the minds of the committee. In any case there can be little doubt that the majority of the members of the Association will be quite willing to accept any chance of getting their petrol at 1s. 2d. per gallon, and to commit themselves to that price for the next three years. In the ordinary course of things there is no reason whatever to anticipate reductions in price during that time.

The last fortnight has been an eventful one for Sunbeams. On the 9th inst. one of the 30 h.p. six-cylinders beat the world's 50 miles' record. On the 17th inst. the four-cylinder 12.16 h.p. (15.9 R.A.C rating) Grand Prix model established fresh figures for 400 miles and four and five hours, and on Saturday last the same car, driven alternately by R. F. L. Crossman and Bario Resta, covered 910 miles 738 yards in 12 hours' consecutive running, thereby beating the previous world's record by 3 miles 203 yards. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the record broken on Saturday by the 15.9 h.p. Sunbeam was previously held by the 30 h.p. six-cylinder model of the same make, which a short time ago deprived Mr. Edge of the honour secured by him on the 60 h.p. Napier as far back as 1907.

Within the next few days the R. A. C. will issue its certificate of performance in respect of a 2,000 miles' trial of the Stewart-Morris paraffin carburetter, which has just been carried out under official supervision, and in view of the existing position with regard to petrol the report will be perused with exceptional interest by motorists generally. Like all the R. A. C. trials, the test has been of a thorough nature, 1,000 miles having been run on the road under ordinary touring conditions, and the other 1,000 miles on the track at Brooklands at high speeds. At the conclusion of the

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trial the engine was dismantled in order to ascertain the amount of carbon deposit on the cylinder heads, and the condition of the mechanism generally. Until the appearance of the official certificate no authoritative statement can of course be made as to the all-round behaviour of the new carburetter, but private advices are to the effect that the test has been of a very satisfactory nature.

The fifteenth edition of that popular handbook, the "Motor Manual," has just made its appearance. It follows the same general lines as its predecessors, commencing with an elementary description of the fundamental principles governing the internal combustion engine, and subsequently dealing in separate chapters with every feature of the car and with every phase of motoring. The chapter headed "How to Choose a Car" contains in itself sufficient information to prove instructive to the prospective buyer, and the hints regarding the purchase of second-hand cars are particularly useful and practical. The price of the book, which contains 270 pages and about as many illustrations, is, as usual, 1s. 6d. net, or 1s. 9d. post free from the publishers, the Temple Press, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.

The second official report of the tyre test has been issued this week. It states that up to the 21st inst. 5,006 miles had been covered since the test car started from Lipton's garage on July 22nd, the two tyres still running being the Dunlop and the Victor. By the time these lines appear the first section of the trial—that of the steel-studded non-skids—will doubtless have terminated, and probably the second section—that of the grooved-rubber type—will have commenced. As the Michelin firm does not market a grooved tyre, it will have to be represented by one with a plain tread. The third and last type will be the plain tyres of each make.

R. B. H.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVERYTHING hangs fire! There is one of those pauses in the City such as we have so often noticed before. Sometimes they foretell a break, sometimes they appear meaningless. I do not believe that the present pause portends a break, because there is no "bull" account. In Perus and Metropolitans some people may have over-bought, but in no other securities. Indeed, trade throughout England is so good that speculators of the more serious class are busy finding money for their own trades. They are not gambling in stocks and shares because they find that they can make money easily in their own business. The simple gamble in mines does not attract them; they seek an investment that will appreciate. That is all the fashion. The bargain-hunter is at large. He will get badly landed in a few instances, especially when he is unlucky enough to get in at the top, but in most cases he will not lose much. In any case he will, as

in the case of rubber shares, obtain some interest on his money. No promoters have braved the City. Charles Birch Crisp has his Chinese Loan ready, but he has strong backing and will carry it through, even though the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank rage furiously, and the Foreign Office give the Angel Court financier the cold shoulder. I hear of very few big loans on the tapis. The underwriter has not yet digested the spring feast, and is disinclined to feed a second time. But Crisp is insatiable. He, like the rest, will overdo the business, but to-day he is keen to make money.

MONEY is definitely hard. There are rumours that the Berlin rate must go up. Herr Gwinner has been warning the bankers not to plunge too heavily. We shall see a money squeeze in Germany before the end of the year. But Paris has all she needs, and as long as she is cautious we need have no fear. Wall Street appears to have arranged her finance—at the expense of the Germans. I hope we shall not see any further rise in rates, but I am not by any means certain.

FOREIGNERS are upset at this Balkan trouble, which I Berlin rate must go up. Herr Gwinner has been warn-  
rate my Paris friends show no anxiety, and Paris is the one place that can appraise Foreign politics with accuracy. The Quai d'Orsay works with the consortium of Great Banks, and the managers of those concerns are entirely in the confidence of the Foreign Office. Therefore I take heed only of what Paris thinks and does. She is calm. The gamble in Perus continues and queer stories are afloat. Punters have now a huge profit, and I should advise them to take it. They say that Farquhar is no longer on friendly terms with the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas. I wonder how this will affect his big Brazilian deals. But as long as he has Schroeder and Speyer at his back I don't think he will worry very much. Tintos look good and they are talked higher. Indeed, all copper shares must improve week by week, for the metal will not fall and profits to-day are huge in all the good mines.

HOME RAILS appear dullish. The Metropolitan gamble has not gone to the extreme limit promised us by those behind the scenes. The reaction is almost due. People cannot go on buying day after day unless they pay, and much of the buying was decidedly ragged. The returns of the Omnibus company mount up each week, and this means good business for the Underground Electric. The 6 per cent. Income Bonds seem sure to get their full dividend for the present half-year, and this will improve the position of the ordinary shares, which look like going to par within six months. As I told you all to buy them when they were 2½, I feel quite satisfied. But I can see no money in the "A" shares, for I imagine that Underground Electric will be wound up long before they get any chance of any dividend. Clever people are buying Great Central, and they are wise, because the new coalfield and the new docks will improve traffics. There is still much annoyance in Scotland over the policy of the Scotch Railways. North British should acquire the Highland, but the chairman declined to make any sign of approval at the meeting. I think Scotch stocks should be bought.

YANKEES are steady. The crop will be good, but they say that cotton does not look so well. It is a late crop and may be hurt by frosts. If it falls away then the Southern and other lines that depend upon cotton will relapse. Southern Pacific are being talked up on good prospects, and St. Louis and San Francisco are also being picked up by those who believe that the line will benefit by the Panama Canal. All American Rails are safe to buy to-day, for Morgan is "bullish," and he rules Wall Street. In a manipulated market like Yankee Rails "tips" are the only things worth following, and the "tips" are Eries and Rocks.

RUBBER shares don't move. The Harrison and Crossfield report shows big profits, but the increase of the item

investments which is up over £130,000 is ominous. It is impossible to go on piling up paper which cannot be sold without creating a dangerous position. The fact that the firm has departed from its policy of holding all the ordinary in its own hands and will now offer £150,000 to the public is also ominous. They say that the shares will be offered at 32s. I confess that it leads me to suppose Lampard wants money very badly—or wants to make a market in the ordinary shares in order to get out. Either position is disquieting.

OIL does not cut much figure in the Stock Exchange to-day. Tweedy will try and carry through that Maikop Trust amalgamation and reconstruction, but the whole thing is hopeless, and I advise those who hold the shares to cut their loss and refrain from throwing good money after bad. The Goldfields get out best, for they exchange a bad debt for debentures which they may be able to sell for something. But the new money will be wasted, for none of the companies to be reconstructed have any good land or, indeed, any assets of value. The Standard of Mexico has leased eight of its plots to people who will drill and give the company a royalty. This is good news. The well sunk by this company was maliciously damaged, and probably a new well will have to be sunk. Mexico is looking up, and they say that Lord Cowdray has joined hands with Standard Oil and means to fight Shell in China. Hence the Chinese Birch Crisp Loan. This sounds pretty, but is it true?

MINES are dead idle. The Goldfields are selling all their share holdings on the Rand and propose quitting Africa for good. They have never had any first-class properties except Simmer and Jack. I wonder what price Central Mining paid for the blocks of shares they have bought. The Kaffir magnates are not making much of the promised boom, and I hear that they don't like the continual offering of shares that follows any rise. However, there is plenty of time before Christmas. In Rhodesia nothing is being done. The land boom hangs fire and the magnates are afraid of the public.

TIN affairs do not rise, but they say a further effort will be made to put up Anglos. If so, I should advise my readers to get out. All the men who come back from Nigeria speak badly of the mining prospects. The tin is so mixed with iron and other metals that big mistakes have been made in values. Rayfield appears to be the best. Naraguta and Naraguta Extended are also decent shares. But I fear that Nigeria will prove a sad disappointment. Pahangs are said to be going much higher. They have had a good rise, but as long as tin keeps strong they will continue to move up.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are sleepy. I went down last week to see the Kent coalfield. I came away satisfied with the coal but not with the finance, which I could not understand. Those who wish to take a hand may buy Snowdown Prefs., however, as this colliery will be upon the measures by next January, and should pay a dividend of ten per cent in 1914. As for the rest of the companies, their finance is too complex. Those who hold Highland Distillery shares should not sell to-day as a move is on to put up the price of the spirit. This will improve the price of the ordinary shares.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE GREATEST SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The greatest Service of the Empire—what is it? which is it? Many will reply, "The Royal Navy"; some will say, "The Diplomatic Corps"; others, "The Army"; a few will assert that the Cabinet and Parliament are the most important Services of the Empire. But, great as these are, there remains one greater, because upon it de-

pends not only the power to maintain all these so-called National Services, but the sustenance of the people and their industries.

Few persons realise the national importance of the British Mercantile Marine, few remember the great part that Service played in the building of their Empire; yet it was the pioneer in all climes where the British flag now flies. Upon that Service, in these days of rivalry between nations, depends the inviolability of British power. The day that sees the decline of the Merchant Service sees, also, the decline and fall of the Empire. Therefore, it is the greatest of the National Services, although not national in the sense of being official. It carries no honour other than pecuniary reward for those owners who by their enterprise initiate new trades, open out new markets, and thus add to the wealth of the nation. Though there are orders of merit in all of the National Services, in this there are no distinctions for those shipping magnates who have done so much to maintain its supremacy on every sea of the world. True, we often hear of some great shipowner receiving the honour of knighthood or a title of nobility, but these are invariably political. Nor does this Service receive any help from the nation; rather is it made to pay many charges and dues which rightly should be met by the nation. While other nations help their Mercantile Marine, we seem to devise methods to penalise and place at a disadvantage, so far as regards foreign competition, the shipping industry, with all its dependent interests. Nor does the nation recognise the men and officers, although they are engaged in a service equally necessary as that of the Royal Navy or Army. Countless are the gallant deeds they perform, deeds which, if done by men of the Navy or Army, would meet with immediate honourable recognition. And great is the toll of lives the sea claims; but for those left widowed and orphaned there is no pension, no comfort, other than that provided by the many charitable societies whose work and efforts cannot adequately deal with every case. Yet these men die in their country's service just as much as the man in the Royal Navy or the soldier in the Army; and who can say that they have not performed deeds as heroic as those of any naval battle or military operation? Could the story of the deeds of our Mercantile Marine be told, it would ring down the ages as proving the courage and prestige of the Saxon race.

Surely a service such as this, from colliery to liner, from fishing boat to stately yacht, with owners, officers and men, is worthy of national recognition. All engaged therein should be made to know that the nation looks upon its merchant service as the means of its existence, and as having possibilities of honour and glory as great as any of the official National Services. Then will British men be found ready to man British ships, and owners will reap the reward their enterprise merits, not only monetary gain, but the honour of the nation which they justly deserve. I am, yours etc.,

T. McL.  
West Hartlepool.

### INDIAN REVIEWS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of August 3, 1912, under the item "Indian Reviews," while noticing the *Collegian* June number, you have remarked, "The report of Calcutta Imperial Library shows difficulties in its working. The experiment of having an Indian as librarian was a fatal measure. On his death he was found to have 'borrowed' between 200 and 300 books, many of which must be regarded as lost." We take objection to this. Please state in reply where you found the above, and why have you put that under the heading *Collegian*? The report did not appear in June number. It is deplorable that sweeping indictments like above still appear in the English Press about things which the Press appear to know very little. This sort of unwarranted and uninformed criticisms that seek to undervalue the Indians

should not appear in a paper of your standing, THE ACADEMY.

We therefore request you to contradict the above remark, which appeared in your journal of the 3rd August issue, in the next number. We can assure you that (if your motive is impartial) you have been led by unreliable news or men to make such an assertion.

Thanking you in anticipation, we remain, yours truly,  
N. N. D., Editor, *Collegian*.

Calcutta, August 29, 1912.

Sir,—My attention has been invited to the letter of August 29 from the editor of the *Collegian* (Calcutta) to your address. The words quoted by him were taken from the present librarian's official "Report of the Working of the Imperial Library for the period from January 1, 1911, to March 31, 1912," which was sent to me. The report contained the following passage:—"Considerable progress has been made in recovering the books borrowed by the late Mr. De. They numbered between two and three hundred. There are still some sixty or more to recover. I am afraid that many of them must be regarded as lost." The editor can doubtless obtain a copy of the report.

The words in the review were stated to have come from the report—not from the *Collegian*. As the Calcutta Imperial Library is a quasi-educational institution, the remarks found an appropriate place after comments on the *Collegian* (Calcutta), which deals with educational matters. The criticism was not based on unreliable news. The late librarian's acts, while in charge of the library, were well known to the reviewer. The criticism was not unwarranted or uninformed. It was directed as much against the authorities who appointed the late librarian as against the individual. It is inconceivable that an European librarian would have "borrowed" so many books, "many of which must be regarded as lost." Your reviewer made no "sweeping indictment" against natives of India. But if they are appointed experimentally to posts hitherto held by Europeans, the experiment fails if the Indians do not observe the ordinary canons of probity and proper conduct.—Yours faithfully,

YOUR REVIEWER.

#### NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In order to be able to meet Mr. Martin's views, I beg to state that the expression, "I *need* not have troubled myself,"\* relating to a past time, in Dean Alford's letter, is equivalent to I (*did*) not *need* to have troubled myself; and that, if I had to parse this sentence, I would use one of the following forms of parsing:—

(*I need not*, put for *I did not need*):—

(a) *did*—auxiliary verb to *do*, *did*, *done*; Indicative mood, imperfect tense, 1st person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.

*need*—regular-transitive verb to *need*, *needed*, *needed*; put in the *Infinitive mood* by the auxiliary *did*, and having the preposition *to* understood before it.

(b) *did need*—Regular-transitive verb to *need*, *needed*; Indicative mood, *imperfect* tense, 1st person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.

(*I need not*, put for *I needed not*):—

(c) *needed*—Regular-transitive verb to *need*, *needed*, *needed*; Indicative mood, *imperfect* tense, 1st person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.

The following might help me to throw additional light on the question:—

Indicative mood, *present* tense:—

I *need* not trouble myself. Je *n'ai pas* besoin de m'inquiéter.

\* Je *n'avais pas* besoin de m'inquiéter.

† Or I (*do*) not *need* to trouble myself; in which case, *do* and *need* are to be parsed as in (a).

#### Parsing:—

*need*—Regular-transitive verb to *need*, *needed*, *needed*; Indicative mood, *present* tense, first person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.

Examples quoted from good authors:—

(a) You *need* not (= *needed*) Vous *n'aviez pas* besoin not or did not *need* to de vous excuser auprès de have made any excuse to moi pour votre sollicitation. me for your solicitation.

—The Earl of Chesterfield's letter to Dr. Swift, Dec. 15, 1730.

(b) I *did not need* your letter Je *n'avais pas* besoin de to satisfy me of your courtoisie de votre amabilité (or de votre bienveillance, de votre bonté).

—Macaulay's letter, p. 341.

(c) . . . but the public approbation . . . mais l'approbation probation *needed* no public n'avait pas besoin prompter either then or de conseiller soit à ce thereafter.

—Macaulay's letter, p. 426.

Now I beg to repeat what I said on August 31 last:—The foregoing has led me to the conclusion that the elliptical form *need not*, and the expression *needed not* and *did not need*, are three of the legitimate forms of the *Imperfect tense* of the *Indicative mood* of the verb *need*, used negatively. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLphe BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

#### MR. WRIGHT AND A CRITIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Who said, "De gustibus non est disputandum"? To dispute—with good humour, of course—about matters of taste is what all of us are constantly doing, particularly in literary journals! Mr. Mackereth, therefore, must not expect that all will agree with him in his onslaught upon "Angels," Mr. John Payne's version from Heine. The poem struck at least one of your readers as a very graceful and charming lyric, and the charm and daintiness of it haunts him still. It is, of course, a trifle, a butterfly that should not be broken on the wheel. I gather that Mr. Mackereth censures the lines for "crude inversions" and "want of poetic subtlety and fitness." Now, occasional inversions are permissible, I should suppose, for the sake of emphasis, and Mr. Payne's appear to me to have been employed deliberately with that aim. As to Mr. Mackereth's other charges, he makes but does not attempt to substantiate them.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. C. MINCHIN.

Farnham, September 20, 1912.

#### AN ADMISSION!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In his criticism of my novel, "The Marble Aphrodite," your reviewer states that "scenes, one of them a visit to a night-club, are interpolated quite unnecessarily," and that the repetition of a certain passage concerning the statue is due to "careless proof-reading." Will you permit me to say that the scenes in question are introduced not arbitrarily, but to provide the requisite contrast between the idyll and its setting; and that the passage referred to is repeated intentionally?

ANTHONY KIRBY GILL.

Southcroft, Pope's Grove, Twickenham.

September 16, 1912.

#### A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to state in your next issue which of the two sentences quoted is grammatically correct:—(1) "I never knew such a coward as him." (2)

"I never knew such a coward as he." Please excuse my troubling you. Yours faithfully,  
Raleigh Club, NEWMAN SMITH.  
Regent Street, S.W. September 13.

[Many of these apparently puzzling sentences can be adjusted by supplying the verb: "I never knew such a coward as he (*is*) " Ed. ACADEMY.]

#### PHONETIC SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to announce that I have prepared some illustrations of my (revised) system of Phonetic Spelling, and shall be happy to forward a copy to any of your readers who may care to apply, enclosing a penny stamp? I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
IMMO S. ALLEN.  
London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Building of the Alps.* By T. G. Bonney, Sc.D. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

*From a Pedagogue's Sketch-Book.* By Francis R. G. Duckworth. With a Preface by the Rev. W. C. Compton, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

*Morituri. Three One-Act Plays: Teja—Fritschen—The Eternal Masculine.* By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Archibald Alexander. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

*Roses. Four One-Act Plays: Streaks of Light—The Last Visit—Margot—The Far-Away Princess.* By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

*Fox-Hunting in America.* By Allen Potts. Illustrated. (Carnahan Press, Washington.)

*The Democratic Mistake: Godkin Lectures of 1909, Delivered at Harvard University.* By Arthur George Sedgwick. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1 net.)

*Revelations.* By Robert Bryant. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

*The Consumer in Revolt.* By Teresa Billington Greig. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

*The Great Solution.* By August Schvan. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

*Psychology: A New System Based on the Study of the Fundamental Processes of the Human Mind.* By Arthur Lynch, M.A. 2 vols. (Stephen Swift and Co. 21s. net.)

*The Ethical and Religious Value of the Novel.* By Ramsden Balford. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

*The Making of Poetry: A Critical Study of Its Nature and Value.* By Arthur H. R. Fairchild, Ph.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

*Les Embarras de l'Allemagne.* By Georges Blondel. (Plon-Nourrit and Co. 3 fr. 50 c.)

*Court-Hand Restored, or The Student's Assistant in Reading Old Deeds, Charters, Records, etc.* By Andrew Wright. Tenth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged by C. T. Martin, B.A., F.S.A. With Plates. (Stevens and Sons. 21s. net.)

*The Secret of Germany's Expansion.* By "44." (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

*South America: Observations and Impressions.* By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. With Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

*Selected Writings of William Sharp. Vol IV.—Literary Geography and Travel-Sketches.* (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

*Colour in the Home, With Notes on Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Upon Decoration and Good Taste.* (George Allen and Co. 42s. net.)

*Drake: A Pageant-Play in Three Acts.* By Louis N. Parker. With Portrait Frontispiece. (John Lane. 2s. net.)

*What Germany Wants.* By W. N. Willis. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. net.)

*Instinct and Experience.* By C. Lloyd Morgan. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

*Jeff's: A Comedy in Four Acts.* By Horace A. Vachell. (John Murray. 1s. 6d. net.)

*Love and Ethics.* By Ellen Key. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.)

*In the Service of Art: A Plea for Simplicity in Music.* By J. Joachim Nin. Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich. (Wm. Reeves. 1s. net.)

*Among Congo Cannibals.* By John H. Weeks. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

*The Romance of Submarine Engineering.* By T. W. Corbin. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 5s.)

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*The Favourites of Louis XIV.* By Le Petit Homme Rouge. Illustrated with Portraits. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Secret Diplomacy.* By George Eller. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

*Malta and the Mediterranean Race.* By R. N. Bradley. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

*Men and Manners of Modern China.* By J. Macgowan. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

*Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, 1821-1906: His Art and Life.* By C. Lewis Hind. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 21s. net.)

*Life in the Indian Police.* By C. E. Gouldsbury. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Recollections of a Sussex Parson.* By the Late Rev. Edward Boys Ellman. Illustrated. (Skeffington and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Leading Figures in European Countries.* By R. P. Dunn Pattison, M.A. (Rivingtons. 6s. net.)

*A Book of Famous Wits.* By Walter Jerrold. Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Following the Drum.* By Horace Wyndham. Illustrated (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d.)

*Legends: Autobiographical Sketches.* By August Strindberg. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)

*Romances of the French Theatre.* By Francis Gribble. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

*Coke of Norfolk and His Friends.* By A. M. W. Stirling. Illustrated. New Edition. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

*The Promised Land.* By Mary Antin. Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Unseen Friends.* By Mrs. Wm. O'Brien. Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

*Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life.* By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

### VERSE.

*The Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Including Several never before Printed.* Arranged by Douglas Sladen. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

*Poems.* By W. B. Yeats. With Portrait. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

*John in Prison, and Other Poems.* By E. J. Thompson. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Soul's Destiny.* By William Avon. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

*The Vigo Verse Anthology: Selections from Some of the Early Volumes of "The Vigo Cabinet Series."* With a Preface. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

*Huperourania.* By W. Lyon. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)



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*The Smell o' the Turf.* Verses by Samuel S. McCurry. With an Introduction by Professor Dowden, LL.D. (Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin. 2s. net.)

*The Plutus of Aristophanes.* Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rt. Hon. Sir William Rann Kennedy. Illustrated. (John Murray. 5s. net.)

*Poems of Life and Form.* By L. F. Wynne Ffoulkes. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

*The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson.* With an Introduction by H. B. Marriott Watson and a Portrait Frontispiece. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

*O Soul of Mine.* By James Rhoades. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.)

### THEOLOGY.

*An Outline of The History of Christian Thought Since Kant.* By Edward Caldwell Moore. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

### FICTION.

*Les Derniers Jours de Pompéi.* By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. With Coloured Frontispiece. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

*The Novels of Sir Walter Scott.* 24 Volumes. Illustrated. (Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. each.)

*Mrs. Lancelot: A Comedy of Assumptions.* By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

*The Gate-Openers.* By K. L. Montgomery. (John Long. 6s.)

*The Two Rivers.* By Ernest E. Briggs. (John Long. 6s.)

*The Open Door.* By Fred M. White. Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

*Dagobert's Children.* By L. J. Beeston. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

*A Slice of Life.* By Robert Halifax. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

*My Love and I.* By Martin Redfield. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

*The Broad Walk.* By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

*Mary Pechell.* By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

*Barriers.* By the Hon. Mrs. Julian Byng. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

*Simon Brandin.* By B. Paul Neuman. (John Murray. 6s.)

*Glamour: A Tale of Modern Greece.* By Bohun Lynch. (John Murray. 6s.)

*The Lovers: A Romance.* By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

*Things as They Are.* By Mrs. E. K. Williamson. (John Long. 6s.)

*Windyridge.* By W. Riley. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

*The Bad Lord Lockington.* By Florence Warden. (John Long. 6s.)

*The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham.* By Gerard Bendall. (John Lane. 6s.)

*The Adventures of Bobby Orde.* By S. E. White. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

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